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I

CHILDHOOD AT FOREST HOME

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD was born in 1839, when America was still a very young country, when the West was wild and undeveloped territory, and when slavery flourished in the South. She grew up in the years before the war, when the West was growing up too; she spent her youth in the midst of its crude new civilization, without standards and without learning; but in their stead she caught, in this Western training, something of the love of adventure that pioneers have, and she shared their spirit of hopefulness. Sprung from the plain people, and loving the plain people, she came to be their leader, and she led them towards a wider and a healthier life.

Her father and mother both came from the strong Puritan stock of New England. For many generations Willards and Hills had been uncompromising and prosperous pastors, teachers, soldiers, and merchants, who lived honestly and feared nothing.

They were typical of the vigorous community in which they lived—a community which left a very clear mark upon the early history of America, and which sent its sons and daughters to settle farther and farther West, and to carry with them the traditions of independence and courage in which they had been trained.

Before 1820 western New York was largely uncultivated forest land, and into this wilderness Oliver Willard and John Hill, Frances' grandparents, had moved almost at the same time. They settled in the little village of Ogden, where they built their log-houses not far apart. There was at that time no school or church in Ogden, but the school was soon built. The greatest ideal of these pioneers was always education, and they strove to give to their children some of the opportunities there had been in the life they had left, though the means in their hands were primitive. Mary Hill was the first teacher of this little school in Ogden, and she took up her task at fifteen.

The great preoccupation of the community was, of course, religion, for it was the one intellectual and emotional interest they had. Politics came to them only once a week, with the papers, and they discussed the affairs of the next world more than

the affairs of this. Their church was not built till 1832, but before it existed Sabbath Day services were held in the barns roundabout. The Hills were "marvellous men in prayer, and wonderful exhorters," and Mary's mother was "a mighty power in word, and saw God and heard Him in all His works." The Willards, too, were "truly pious," and all the children were brought up to work and to pray. Their religion was quite unsectarian, their church the Church of God in Ogden, and they were tolerant of everything but wrong-doing.

In 1831 Josiah Willard and Mary Hill were married, and for ten years they lived on in Ogden, where their children Oliver and Frances were born. In 1841 they moved to Oberlin, Ohio, and Mary Willard was born there. They went to Oberlin in order that Mr. Willard might enter the University. He was a studious and serious man, and he had kept the ideal of education steadily before him. At Oberlin, therefore, he set himself to prepare for and then to enter the University, and for five years he studied hard in the hope of finally becoming a minister. But in 1847 his health broke down, and the whole family went farther West once more. Between 1816 and 1847 civilization had spread as far as Ohio, but beyond there were only backwoods

and prairies, with scattered settlers and a few small and primitive towns; and into this unknown land the Willards went.

We are familiar with the picture of the slowly travelling prairie schooners which made their way westward, carrying out into the unknown country the knowledge and religion of the eastern states. In three of these long wagons the Willards set forth, taking all their goods with them, and leaving behind them the life which they knew. They travelled all day, for nearly thirty days, through the woods and across the lonely prairies. Near the end of Lake Michigan they passed a small village in a gloomy swamp, from which they were warned by the notice, "No bottom here," whose silent and dreary wastes had turned, when Frances came back that way, into Chicago, the noisiest city in the world! They went past the end of the lake, and turned north to Wisconsin, and finally settled on the banks of Rock River. There Josiah Willard bought land, and began to build his farm, "Forest Home." It was four miles from the nearest village, and lay on the other side of the river. This village was Janesville, a name that could not, surely, be found anywhere but in the West! Before Frances was eighteen it had grown to be quite a large town, but

in 1847 it was a small place with hardly two thousand inhabitants.

Josiah Willard had to build his own farmhouse with timber cut by his own hands. At first he built only a small house and outbuildings, but by degrees other rooms were added, and sheds and stables. It was a low house with a long veranda or "stoop" running along the side, and an outside kitchen at the back. In front of the house was a grove of trees, and behind was the river, on the other side of which were endless forests. On the left lay the garden and orchard, and then the prairies stretching away for miles, and on the right was the yard, with the barns and the stables, and beyond them the ploughed fields encroaching on the prairies, with the forest coming up to the very edge of them. It was a very lonely place. What neighbors there were, were far away, and for the first few years the life must have been a very hard one.

The pioneers of the great West have been too busy breaking in the forest, ploughing the prairie, and conquering the wild country to leave us any clear picture of their daily life. But through the early Journals of Frances Willard we can see, as through a window, how life went by in the backwoods of Wisconsin. We see the hard work of the farm, the

fencing and ploughing, the cutting of trees and rearing of cattle, the growing of the precious crops, and all the daily difficulties; how the house was banked up for fear of the winter hurricanes, and how the prairie fires were fought with fire; how the hogs escaped down the road, the gophers ate up the corn, and the rats got among the potatoes; how the apple-trees died, and the oxen were lost, and the milk froze in the churn by the fire, and blue-jays were caught in the quail traps. We see all these things, and also how there went with them the struggle for education. Though they worked so hard, these pioneers had further ambitions than to have prosperous farms. They struggled to make their new towns on the pattern of the old civilization from which they had come, and they looked eagerly for news from the East.

Mr. Willard was one of the best examples of these serious pioneers. As a farmer he was very successful, partly because he found the work exceedingly interesting. He loved trees, stones, winds, and clouds, and studied them carefully, and made of his farm one of the model places of the neighborhood. He took a great interest, too, in the political life of the new community, wrote a history of Rock County, became magistrate and assessor of taxes,

and went to Janesville many times a week on "town" business. He also served one term in the State Legislature in '48, but left, disgusted with the corruption he found there. He was a "dyed-in-the-wool Abolitionist" and a "Conservative." His wife fully shared these opinions, and even carried them farther than he did. She was in many ways a most remarkable woman. Overwhelmed, as the wife of a settler must be, with the unending cares of her household, with all the washing, cooking, sewing, baking, and cleaning to do, she still found time to read, to teach her children, and to enter into all their pursuits. It was, however, a lonely and a hard life. Years afterwards, when some one asked her what she thought "the best means of culture for rural districts," Mrs. Willard answered without hesitation: "I should say pack up your duds and go where folks live."

But this they could not then do. They were settled in the wilderness, and they determined that it should prove a good home for their three children, Oliver, Frances, and Mary. Josiah Willard was rather a stern father, and his views were often more severe than those of his wife, whose maxim it was to "let a child grow as a tree grows." But nevertheless, in the Willard family there was great

harmony, and the fact that books were few and neighbors distant led them to seek companionship from each other at home. Mr. Willard taught his children to love and to notice Nature, as he did; Mrs. Willard taught them to love poetry, and both parents set before them the love of God. "The children must have habits," Mr. Willard would say, but, as he never said good habits, his daughter declared that she grew up thinking there were no habits but good habits.

This point of view was characteristic of Miss Willard all through her life—for though it was to be spent in fighting against evil, and though she was to know so much about sin and wickedness, yet she always believed that goodness was natural and evil only an accident. Her faith in the essential virtue of every human being was absolute, and it could not be shaken. She had such an innocent hopefulness and trust in every person, that no one could be in her presence without feeling as if they had somehow become nobler and more worthy of confidence. It may be that her "eyes were too pure to behold iniquity," or perhaps she really drew out goodness, but certainly she remained until her death, not only free from evil herself, but free from the very belief in it.

The training that the Willard children received was good in every way. Mrs. Willard had almost a genius for motherhood, and devoted herself with infinite tact to the proper development of her children. They led a healthy, active life, they had high ideals of education and of religion set before them; then, too, their parents knew that the fewer restrictions they placed upon them, the more surely would they "tuck a happy childhood under their jackets," and so they left them as free as the conditions of their life made possible. When the girls were old enough, however, their mother gave them some of the household tasks to do. In 1855 their share of the work was described by Frances (who was then fifteen) in her Journal as follows:—

"*Daily labours.*—In the morning at six o'clock we get up, and while one sets the table the other cooks meat or potatoes or something for breakfast. Father makes the coffee: with that exception we get the breakfast alone. After we have all eaten, Mary and I pick up the dishes, wash and wipe them and put them away; sweep the floor and stoop, and the sitting-room. Then we read our chapters in the Bible, embroider some, and then our work is done until 'noon.' At eleven o'clock we put on the coffee pot, and potatoes: at half-past eleven we set the table and get dinner. After dinner we do up all the work and then we are done till about six in the evening. Then we

get supper and clear up after it. In the evening we read or write or talk or play proverbs. Some days we have Father's room to sweep and arrange, or else the outside kitchen. On Monday we arrange the sitting-room and hang out the clothes in addition. When not working we produce music, study, read or play. Sometimes Mother helps get some meal, but generally we do, for she has enough to do without. We do all the coarse ironing every week almost."

Mary was gentle and quiet, and seems to have liked these household tasks, but Frances hated them one and all: "Now I have got to do my awful needlework," she complains to her Journal, and again, "I baked a cake and had no luck at all." Seeing how greatly she disliked it, her mother generally let her do other things. She always encouraged her children to do what was most congenial to them, and therefore she let Frances run wild on the farm. But the housework could not always be escaped, and when there was need Frances was very willing to help her mother, and only blamed "the usages of the present day" for the waste of time. Spring-cleaning she called the "scourge of mankind" and cordially detested it, but it was against "invited company" that her greatest rage was directed.

"1855.—Alas for the usages of the present day! When you entertain a friend you must *scorch* yourself for days previously to prepare viands to suit his thankless palate, and then you are so fatigued and feel so much care that you do not enjoy yourself one atom. If I live a hundred years I never want to *hear* of invited company again. *Such* a revolution of affairs, such a total disarrangement of comfort! I feel most uncommon cross."

But then, when the guests had gone!

"Bright, glad, free, *free!* Got up early, did my duties and took a nice walk. Have been fixing a barrel to my gun. Am going to set some traps for birds. Company does give zest to solitude!"

The diary which "Frank" kept faithfully when she was fifteen and sixteen gives vivid pictures of the free and happy life she led. Everything outdoors was delightful to her, from the forest fires that burned so gloriously to the pet rabbits that she kept. She loved to play and to run, to go hunting with her cross-gun or fishing "for minnies." She did not kill any buffaloes nor catch any fish, but she enjoyed herself greatly!

Oliver was five years older than Frances, but was always a delightful playfellow to her. She was as proud of him as he of her. She followed in his

footsteps, and Mary followed in hers. When Oliver was a mighty hunter so were his sisters, when he climbed trees they scrambled up after him, when he was a carpenter so were they, and when he went out to plant or to hoe they went out to help, or hinder him. Whatever he did Frances longed to share, and her adventurous spirit sometimes landed the poor little sister who followed behind in most uncomfortable places. But Oliver was always willing to stop his games and come to Mary's rescue, and so their running wild made them all happy.

But there was one thing that Frances was not allowed to do, and it was a great grief to her. Her father thought it dangerous for her to ride, and did not allow it, and consequently it was with very jealous eyes that she used to watch Oliver as he rode proudly off over the fields. At last, when she felt that she could not bear it any longer, she decided that she would " just have to ride something," and therefore, with a great deal of trouble, she trained a cow to the saddle. It was a very ungainly steed, and she had many tumbles, and caused many shouts of laughter before she succeeded in riding it. When at last she did, she got little pleasure, however; any one who has tried riding a cow will know how unexpectedly distressing is the motion. But

still a good result followed, for Mr. Willard relented and gave the desired permission. Whether he thought horses safer than cows, whether he yielded to the persuasions of his wife, or whether it was a reward for her perseverance, she did not know. But her joy was great. She rushed to her Journal to write:—

"Hurrah! rejoice! A new era has this moment been ushered in. Rode a horse through the corn. Oh! it is nice—the acme of my hopes realized.

"Having done my morning work, I saddled old gray with our new side-saddle, came in and dressed in my old black silk basque, alpaca riding skirt, meeting bonnet and kid gloves, and swelled forth. Our new side-saddle is superb."

It is to be supposed that she did not always "swell forth," however, for what she really loved was the freedom to run or to ride without having to stop and think of clothes or proprieties.

She and Mary knew all about the farm work, how to milk the cows and harness the oxen, when to plant and when to reap. They fed the animals and chased the hogs and the turkeys and the cattle, when there was what Frances called "a reign of riot" in the yard. They set traps in the woods, where sometimes, to their great delight, they caught

quails; and they led a very busy life all the year round. Frances observed as well as enjoyed everything that went on. Her Journal is full of the wildest high spirits, sometimes mixed with serious reflections, and sometimes with little touches of description that bring the scenes very vividly before us:—

"*Aug. 2*, 1855.—We all went fishing. A mud turtle came swimming along. Johnny Hodge caught a fish —Provoking! I can't catch one."

"*April* 1.—It is thawing rapidly. Pigeons by thousands are flying west on their way to Missouri, I suppose. Prairie hens *who who who*ing."

"*Aug.* 3.—Father sowing wheat. Great prairie fire up by Denning's. Almost burned the barn. Thermometer 88°. The river is fordable for the first time in four years."

"*May*.—Saw a green snake and a wolf den with recent tracks of the occupant."

"*June 7*, 1855.—Cloudy. Father and Oliver gone over the river to hunt oxen. Have been having great times. It is fun (the best kind too) to see them begin to break the prairie soil. Having got fairly started they proceeded somewhat as follows: 'Gee up, get 'long there, Buck and Bawley, whoa there; Haw *Haw*, you lazy beggars,' whip, whip, whip, '*Haw* now, get up, get along, whoa, whoa then,' Whip, whip, whip, 'What's the matter? Oh! that colter's[1] too high.'

[1] The fore-iron of the plough.

'Frances, hand him the hatchet, and we'll see if we can't fix it.' Pound, pound, pound. 'That'll do. Hand me the whip. Now, get up, Bawley, go 'long. Darn you, boy, get up, get up!' Exit whipping.

"Hogs got into the garden, and ate up almost all my corn. O, for patience, fortitude and forbearance! O, my poor teeth, how you do grind! Chased hogs, sheep, calves, &c., till I'm very tired.

"Adolphus saw Indians in town shooting with bows and arrows. Wish I'd seen them—so Indianical!"

"Went coasting down hill. Enjoyed it exceedingly. Tipped over twelve times, went down hill twelve times."

. . . . . .

"Mary and I watched sheep all the forenoon—got most thoroughly sick of the business."

. . . . . .

"Father killed a quail. Oliver has come in—he's killed another pigeon. *What* a supper we'll have! New biscuit, fresh butter, Dutch cheese, pigeons, currant and rhubarb pie, plum jelly, sweet cake, fried cakes, tea, asparagus, lettuce, fried bread!"

. . . . . .

"I fixed my gun. It is queer that a girl fifteen years old should like a cross-gun, but I *can't* help it. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, &c. It is 'my nature to.'"

. . . . . .

"Practised shooting at a mark. Expect to be a dead shot in time."

. . . . . .

"Thermometer this morning 20°. A man called to buy some wood. Oliver killed a quail. Mother baked pies. Played ball a good deal. Adjusted the lens of a spy-glass, hoping thereby to make a microscope of it. Determined to learn phonography as soon as I can get the necessary books. Weather bright and cold. My hand trembles—I've played ball so much."

. . . . . .

"Have the day before me. Shall spend it reading, writing and composing.

"*Evening.*—Have not spent the day just as intended. Mr. Hodge with John and Rupert called and we went with them to hunt their turkey."

. . . . . .

"Read Shakespeare, worked, &c. Have read thus far seventeen of Shakespeare's plays. I'll mention it now for fear I shall forget that our cat is one year old the 17th of this month."

. . . . . .

"Father in town. Mother cooking. Mary sifted a bag of Indian meal. Read 'Love's Labour's Lost' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' wiped dishes, and swept dining-room floor."

. . . . . .

"John taught us how to play marbles. Had pleasant time to-day, in fact I 'most always do."

. . . . . .

"Baited my fishing hook with worms. Oh! it is beautiful to live."

While she was leading this active external life, chasing the hogs and shooting at a mark, she was also slowly and reluctantly growing up. At a very early age she had stood on chairs or gateposts to recite poems and make speeches to imaginary audiences, and later she began to write stories and compositions, and to read everything she could find. She also organized a club of subscribers to the children's paper, the *Little Pilgrim,* for, as she said later: "All who did that were to have their names printed in a list, and I, so distant and obscure, found a fascination in the thought that my name would be put in type away in Philadelphia! So I went on horseback near and far to get the names, when lo! my own appeared, but, as so often since, it had an *i* where *e* ought to have been; whereat I lost my temper and complained to mother that I guessed they didn't think a girl could come to anything in this world anyhow."

In spite of this disappointment she persevered in her literary ambitions, however, and one of her youthful compositions was printed in the *Prairie Farmer,* to her unbounded delight.

Although she cared most for outdoor things, her essays contained wonderfully big words, and "long, long thoughts" often filled her mind, although she

did not like to believe that they stood for the real things. Running about was real, and hunting was real, but writing and thinking, though some impulse made her do both, were only vaguely understood to be part of life. To try and bring these puzzling occupations into touch with what was actual, she devoted her literary energies to writing the history of "Rupert Melville, the Young Hunter"—a story which had so many characters that Oliver felt sure she would never be able to kill them all off properly in less than a hundred volumes. For the same reason, when she wanted to be undisturbed, she climbed up to the top of a black-oak tree, where she had made a seat for herself. To make this retreat quite secure she nailed a board to the tree on which was painted, "The Eagle's Nest: Beware!"—and once there she could sit and meditate about life without feeling herself quite cut off from the real and adventurous parts of it.

To her Journal she also confessed that she "had a habit of going and sitting on top of the house in the shade," carrying with her her books and papers and her contradictory impulses.

In her meditations religion had very little part. She did not like to "talk religion" at all, and would sit silent when others spoke of it, answering only in

monosyllables, and resenting any attempt to make her express her own feelings. She did not, in fact, know what these were. She wrote in her Journal, "Don't enjoy Sundays much," and even confessed when she was sixteen that she "counted 150 wasps on the ceiling in church," and these were the only comments she made on the subject. Her father and mother were both sincerely religious, but they did not often speak about their beliefs. As Miss Willard said in her "Glimpses of Fifty Years," they "just lived the gospel right along, taught its precepts, and prayed much. . . ." Sundays they kept with a certain severity. If the roads were passable they drove to church in the farm wagon, leaving one at home to prepare the dinner. Oliver was by far the best cook, and took a great pride in his performances—while Frances was so bad as rarely to give her services for that purpose. After the dinner Mr. Willard used to go for a walk with his children, and talk to them about Nature and sometimes about God, and then they would come in and sit quietly by the fire reading Sunday books or singing hymns—too peaceful a day for Frances when compared with her wild scrambles from Monday to Saturday.

Mary had a much more quiet nature. It was she

who chiefly loved and cared for their pets, and wrote their sad epitaphs:—

> "Alas! poor pet, and did it die?
> How dismal this must be!"

And she was the inventor of all the more gentle games at Forest Home. She would join with the others in their war-whoops and their battles, but in return they joined with her in her sketching expeditions and her search for wild flowers.

She used to talk and think a great deal about goodness, and was troubled with a very sensitive conscience, which made her fear that many of her innocent occupations were sinful; but Frances, to whom she confided her spiritual difficulties, invariably told her that she was already too good, and encouraged her in her blameless misdeeds.

Frances herself sometimes made resolutions "to be good," but her diary does not record much introspection. On her fifteenth birthday she described herself with a curious mixture of childish values and observations:—

"I've good things about me. I don't stay angry but a minute. . . . I learn easily but I forget easily. I'm a spendthrift, too. I think I'm sensitive, and on that account careful of the feelings of others. . . .

I'm a lazy girl. I'm a quick-tempered girl. I rub my eyes. I snort. I used to eat coal and the bark of trees. I'm fonder of anything out of my sphere than of anything in it."

This last remark is characteristic of the thoughts she pondered on the roof and in the Eagle's Nest, for the value of freedom was the first thing to be clear to her. As she grew older, she decided for what purposes freedom was to be used, but for some time she does not seem to have been greatly troubled by any other belief than that freedom was good. This she held passionately. Whenever, in the daily record of what she was doing, she gave a little hint of what she felt, it was always in some way connected with freedom. Her desire to ride a cow was as much an assertion of independence as it was a longing to ride, and this she generalized for herself as she perched in her tree. She once insisted on going with her father to the scene of a rather dangerous forest fire that had come too near them, and afterwards she wrote in her Journal:—

"How much better a person feels to be on the ground themselves than to be waiting at home!"

As she grew older this love of freedom grew stronger and stronger. It made her ambitious, and

it set her wondering about the things she might, and the things she might not, do. She once asked her mother whether she thought they would ever know anything or see anybody or go anywhere—she felt sure that there were all kinds of things she could do, if only she had a chance.

In 1855, when she was fifteen, she came across a copy of the *Una,* which she described as "a first-rate Women's Rights paper," and this must have given new impetus to her natural love of equality, and also given her things to think about—things which did not conflict so much with her ways of living as if she had known more of the world. For at Forest Home each person did what they could do best, and Oliver often cooked the dinner while Frances fed the cows.

It must have been about this time, too, that she heard her mother's confession of faith on this subject. She told the story, years afterwards, at one of her great meetings.

"Longer ago than I shall tell my father returned one night to the far-off Wisconsin home where I was reared; sitting by my mother's chair, with a child's attentive ear, I listened to their words. He told us the news that day had brought, about Neal Dow and the great fight for Prohibition down in Maine, and

then he said, 'I wonder if poor rum-cursed Wisconsin will ever get a law like that?' And mother rocked awhile in silence, and then she gently said, 'Yes, Josiah, there'll be such a law all over the land some day, when women vote.' My father had never heard her say so much before. He was a great Conservative, so he looked tremendously astonished and answered, 'And pray how will you arrange it so that women shall vote?' Mother's chair went to and fro a little faster for a minute, and then, not looking into his face, but into the flickering flames of the grate, she slowly answered, 'Well, I say to you, as the apostle Paul said to his jailer, "You have put us into prison, we being Romans, and you must come and take us out."'"

These views of her mother's probably put into her head the ideas she had when she wrote in her Journal:—

"*Nov.* 6.—Election day. Father and Oliver, Mike and Edward [the hired men] gone to assist in 'saving the country.' Oliver feeling his consequence mightily as it is his first vote! Mary and I did usual work. Mary arranged the cupboard and I cleared up after her."

In her autobiography she added how this had made her wonder whether she did not love her country as much as Oliver did, and whether she, too, could not help it with her ballot.

When she was quite a child she had written, one 4th of July:—

"I do love my country, and I'd take my flag and cross-gun and Frisk, and help defend her cause at any time when she may stand in need of my services."

And now when she felt so sure that her services were needed, when she thought that the country really did need saving, and that a vote for Frémont and "Free soil" might help to save it, she was not allowed to do her share.

Voting was not the only thing that Oliver could do and she could not. It was a matter of course that he should go to school and to college, but, as she said later, "the fate of his sisters was more misty in those days." She longed to be taught and to have a chance to improve herself, and her envy sometimes crept into her diary:—

"Oliver gone to town to attend Taylor's concert. 'Nice young man, fast young man, ain't he getting to be! I'll make up for this hermitacy—*never you mind!*'"

And again:—

"Oliver has gone to town to hear John G. Saxe lecture. I'll go sometime, do you hear?"

Perhaps she had in her mind some vague idea of the work she was to do, and of how, to "make up for this hermitacy," she was to go about the world spreading the love of freedom and fighting against the tyrannies of custom. But it was very vague. She knew only that she liked to be free and hated to grow up, and was full of restless ambitions. She used to lie on the prairie grass, as she often told in later years, and lift up her hands towards the sky, asking in her inmost spirit, "What is it, what is it that I am to do, O God?" and longing impatiently to know what she was to do, and to set about doing it. But the process of growing up she hated. A boy always loves it, and is eager to be "a fast young man, and nice young man," and go off by himself to lectures or entertainments, and a girl would love it too if growing up meant the same things for her. But to Frances Willard, as to many another girl, the most miserable day of her youth was the day on which she had to become a young lady. It came to her when she was sixteen, when her mother said that she had run wild almost too long, and that she must at last put her hair up and her skirts down. A perfect outburst of revolt followed; she knew that it was inevitable, and that she could not do anything to prevent the misfortune, but the fury and rebellion

in her heart were almost too great to be endured. It was too intense to be written directly in her Journal—she would have been ashamed to see it there; and she only made the following entry:—

"Father and Oliver go to town every day. Mother, Mary and I have to stay at home.

"Feel crosser than I have in six months. Had a great time with my hair. Mother put it up 'woman fashion.' How I detest the fashion, and the way in which women are obliged to spend their time! Perfectly insipid!"

But in her autobiography she added:—

"No girl ever went through a harder experience than I, when my free out-of-door life had to cease, and the long skirts and clubbed hair-pins had to be endured. The half of that downheartedness has never been told, and never can be."

To her friends she often described how, when the deed was done, the hairpins in place, and the skirt really lengthened, she ran off, blinded with tears of rage, falling over her skirt as she ran, with her eighteen hairpins standing on end and pushing against her aching head, and made her way miserably to the cellar, where she lay for hours sobbing and crying and feeling as if all the joy of life were over for ever.

Her unhappiness did not pass off for a long time, and she was so desperate that she even formed a wild plan for running away from home, and cherished it for several days. She was still only a child for all her turned-up hair and her long skirts.

During the next two months her Journals are full of sad little complaints.

"Life is rather monotonous nowadays for the female members of Forest Home.

"I stayed at home as usual and had 'the blues' as usual."

She did not really recover her spirits until the school was started, when she found so much to do and to think of that she was able to forget that she could not climb into the Eagle's Nest any more. Chasing hogs down the road and shooting at a mark had been real things, but to be a young lady was only emptiness, and it was not until school and work had brought reality again that she could be comforted.

When the Willards first came to Rock County there was no school near them at all, and Mrs. Willard herself taught the children.

In the summer of 1848 she succeeded in arranging a small school in her own parlor, which was to

be taught by a Miss Burdick, a girl of eighteen who had herself been at school in New York. There were only four pupils, and the lessons were quite informal and very delightful to Frank. The other two pupils were the Inman girls, Effie and Mattie, and Effie's goodness so much amazed Frances that, as she told her mother, "I just stepped on her toe at recess to see if she wouldn't frown, and sure enough she didn't!" After this the fiery-tempered Frances admired Effie more than ever.

Sarah Hill, Mrs. Willard's youngest sister, spent several months at Forest Home about this time. She was a serious-minded lady, deeply impressed with the value of knowledge, and she inspired in Frances a good deal of awe. She taught the girls history and the derivation of words, and, as Frances said, "she was a devout Christian, and all her lessons led toward God." The Bible was one of her text-books of astronomy, and she taught them about the tides and the zodiac and the precession of the equinoxes. All this fired Frank's imagination, and she was "so wrought upon that when I had to help get dinner one Sunday I fairly cried! To come down to frying onions when I've been away among the rings of Saturn" was terrible. However, Miss Hill really was a devout Christian, and so she tried

to impress Frances with the value of doing her daily duty as well as the value of knowing the stars.

But with the exception of these lessons they had had no schooling until 1856, when Frances was sixteen. She was always very studious, and had read all the books her father possessed—Whittier, Shakespeare, and several volumes of travel, history, and biography—and all the newspapers and magazines they received. Of all the reading she did in her childhood, stories of adventure fascinated her most. As she said years afterwards in her Journal, when she was a young lady and a teacher they had lost none of their charm.

"Read the 'White Chief' just because I *would*. I have always been fascinated by stories describing wild, eventful life. Hunting stories especially attract me. Ever since I can remember it has been better to me to read them than to enjoy any other luxury. When I was sixteen, I was wild on the subject, and wrote a story for myself which I thought unsurpassable! 'The Swiss Family Robinson' excited me beyond measure, and after reading 'Robinson Crusoe' I planned retreating to an island in Rock River. . . . And pirate and nautical stories!—I cannot tell what a charm they have for me even now. I can't help it, it is my nature. . . . What a hunter I should have been if God had thought it best that I should be a man!"

But next to her love of adventure stories was her love of politics. The day when the papers came was always a great day in those far-off Western communities. The farmers would come in from miles around, gather at the principal store, and hitch their horses to the fence outside, eager to hear what the Administration was doing, or to read the campaign speeches. Then they would stay for hours discussing the news, standing or lounging about, smoking their long pipes, and uttering their very shrewd comments on the course of events. Frances also was keenly interested in politics, and used to rush eagerly to her father when he came back from town to ask him for the news. They were all Free Soilers, ardent in their opposition to any extension of slave territory, and eager for gradual emancipation. They had read and wept over "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it came out in the *National Era,* and in Oberlin Mr. Willard had himself sheltered a runaway slave in his cellar, and had afterwards helped her on to the next stage of the Underground Railway; and this adventure gave a great vividness to their realization of the problems that faced the whole country.

The papers they read were the *Morning Star,* the *Democratic Standard,* the *Little Pilgrim,* the

Mother's Assistant, and the *Prairie Farmer,* all weekly papers, and also *Harper's Monthly Magazine,* which at that time published many of the English classics as serials. To these sources of instruction Oliver, when he went to college, added many more. He was a clever and serious-minded boy, and brought home with him every term books of travel and history which delighted Frank beyond measure. He went first to the "Academy" at Janesville, and then to Beloit College, a Theological School only twenty miles away, whose "commencement exercises" were the pride and glory of the whole neighborhood and an excitement only rivalled by the annual fair. Of course Frances was very jealous of these splendors; when she heard his tales of the lectures and the speeches, and thought of all the things she wanted to know, she grew more impatient than ever of the "insipid way" in which it seemed that her life must be spent. But after all her chance came, for a real school was to be built in their neighborhood, and she was to go to it. She was perfectly wild with delight, and could talk and think of nothing else.

"Father returned with the—to me—vitally important news that the school-house is actually going

to be built immediately and Mr. Hodge is going to teach school."

Mr. Jonathan Hodge was Mr. Willard's nearest neighbor and greatest friend. He was a graduate of the University of Yale, and had been a tutor at Oberlin for many years. When his health broke down, he had followed Josiah Willard to the West, bringing with him his large family of children, and now they were all to go to school together, and, as Frances said, they were all to "have advantages just like other folks!" There were about ten other pupils, who came from the farms roundabout, and they all seem to have loved their work intensely. Frances was the most ecstatic of them all. For days and even weeks before it began her Journal was full of the excitement:—

"Our school-house was finished last Saturday. Hurrah! Now for school days and a chance to improve oneself! Fearfully lonesome in the afternoon. I long for school to begin to relieve this tedious, unendurable monotony, if for nothing else."

On the last day before school began she wrote:—

"*Jan.* 19, 1856.—I did usual work, brought in wood-box full of wood, did up my hair, &c., *and finished my chemise.* Let there be a Te Deum sung in honor of

the occasion. I am *very terribly glad,* exceedingly, excruciatingly glad."

To this she added three years later a pencil note in the margin:—

"What a record for a girl of sixteen to make!"

She goes on:—

"On Monday morning we go to school. I at least in high hopes and great anticipations. Hurrah! This is the last day at home for a great while. Father and I went down and saw the school-house. It is very pretty. Got all our school books together in mother's satchel all ready for school."

It was only her enthusiasm that made the school-house "very pretty," however. It was a tiny, square log building set down among the trees on the bank of the river, but to Frances it was a "temple of learning," and a place as sacred as Yale or Harvard, and in preparing for it she lost all the melancholy that had come to her with her young ladyhood. She went back, indeed, to perfectly childish ways, and was thoroughly happy again.

Her diary tells of the first day of school:—

"*Monday* 21.—Mary and I got up long before light and got ready for school. Our tin pail of dinner,

satchel of books, hoods and cloaks, are all waiting for us. Not time to go yet. . . ."

It is easy to imagine the scene. A cold winter morning, with the snow all around the house, and the daylight just coming over the prairie; the two girls making all their small preparations and wandering restlessly about—now writing a hasty scrawl in a Journal, now going to the window to look for daylight, and now to the clock to see if nine o'clock had not come.

She wrote of it, in "Glimpses of Fifty Years":—

"We hardly tasted our breakfast, and were so uneasy that long before the time, Loren yoked the big oxen to the long 'bobsled' and he and Oliver carried us to school. The doors were not yet open, so we went to Professor Hodge's, which was near by, got the key, made the fire, and were the first to take possession. Oliver cracked the whip and 'geed up' the oxen, saying, 'Well, I hope you'll enjoy what you've got yourself into,' and I shouted, 'We've got a Yale graduate to teach us, and Beloit can't beat that.'"

. . . . . .

"At last Professor Hodge appeared, in his long-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, carrying an armful of school books and a dinner bell in his hand. He stood on the steps and rang the bell, long, loud, and

merrily. My heart bounded and I said inside of it, so that nobody heard, 'At last we are going to school all by ourselves, Mary and I, and are going to have advantages like other folks, just as mother said we should! O! goody-goody-*goody!*'"

At the end of the day she made a very satisfactory entry in the diary:—

"I feel to-night satisfied with the world, myself, and the rest of mankind."

And the next day she wrote:—

"Just returned from school. Enjoyed it as much as ever—ardor not in the least diminished."

The ardor, indeed, lasted as long as school "kept." They studied arithmetic, geography, spelling, reading, and writing, and when Frances got to the head of the line she recorded it with immense pride in her Journal. They went to school at 9 and stayed till 4.30, taking their midday dinner with them. The other children did the same, and they must have had great fun at "noon recess." Frances described this as follows:—

"Played blindman's buff at noon. Spread our table (a desk) with our tablecloth (an old shawl) and

put thereon our dinner—ham, fried-cakes, bread and butter, cookies, apples, mince pie, and water. I like school very much. We have hard lessons, but find we can conquer them."

On Saturdays and Sundays she said she was "lonesome for school," and that she "longed for school again," and when she had "very, very hard lessons," she added in her Journal: "Pleasant day. So are *all* my days." She was very proud of the fact that they did not miss one day or hour of school during the whole winter—though sometimes it was so cold that they "expected to most freeze going there." But with all this studiousness she was still very young, and in fact school seemed to have brought her back from young ladyhood to a more normal childishness. When one of the men made a pistol for her she christened it Defiance, and proclaimed to her Journal: "It is a fine one. Everything between a quail and buffalo beware." And she took it to school, where it "caused a great commotion!"

When the spring came, the roads between Forest Home and the school turned into "regular torrents," and soon after that Mr. Hodge closed the school to spend his time on his own farm. The children were so sorry that they got up a petition which

Rest Cottage

every one in the school (except one girl and his own children) gladly signed, asking him to open the school in the summer. On the last day they had closing exercises, speeches, compositions, etc., to which their parents listened. As Frances said in her diary:—

"It all passed off very pleasantly. Mr. Hodge made a short closing speech, commending our diligence and constant attendance. We presented the petition, which he read publicly, and expressed his satisfaction. So we took our books, came out of the house, and the school for the winter of '56 was done *for ever.*"

The summer of 1856 passed as the other years had passed, in busy, active, out-of-door life. But Frances was now growing up. She kept her Journal very irregularly, and though she assured it, in a very penitent mood, that she was "just the same girl I used to was, old Journal!" she probably was not. The first part of the next winter "school kept" again, and her only comment was the sententious remark: "I would not exchange the stores which I have gathered into the granary of the mind during the last three months for a great, great deal."

During this year she read many of the books

Oliver brought back from college, and they certainly increased her restless ambitions. They had an effect on her style, too, and though she wrote in 1856, "Went horseback ride with Oliver. Came home through the woods after the sheep. The scenery was—but bah! no rhapsodies!" yet she did not escape rather high-flown phraseology (from which she never afterwards entirely recovered), for the next day she wrote:—

"The autumn sun is showing his face splendidly in a leave-taking. Summer, with her genial sun, pleasant showers, mild evenings, and verdure-clad prairies, is hieing away to the South."

During this summer she and Mary had had their first real experience of life away from home, and very homesick it made them. They had been once before to visit their grandparents and cousins at Churchville, but at a time when they were too young to notice very much difference in the places in which they built mud castles or snow men, but now they were both old enough to be homesick, and to be ashamed of the feeling. The place to which they went was only six miles from home, to be sure; it was to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Peleg S. Whitman, where they were sent for a month to learn to

speak French and play the piano! It was there that Frances read her first novels, to her intense delight. "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette" were the only three she read, however, and the latter she never finished, for as she was sitting on the doorstep entirely absorbed in it, her father happened to come by. To his mind it was very wrong that children—or any one else—should amuse themselves with tales of fiction, and he forbade her to read another word of it—which command she obeyed, although with an anger she did not dare to express.

The next winter they went to Churchville again with their father to see their cousins. Then for some months they lived in Janesville, where Frank and Mary went to a "select school," and studied physiology and map-drawing, and where Frank became editor of the school paper. And there they heard Elder Knapp, the great revivalist, preach in the Baptist church; but, as Frances said, "we did not come out as Christians." Their religious experience had hardly yet begun, but they were changing and growing up. Frances longed to go to college, and even Mary was made restless by the travelling she had done, and felt that there was a great deal in the world she would like to see.

And so Mr. Willard decided to send his daugh-

ters to the Milwaukee Female College, where Aunt Sarah Hill was teaching, and in the spring of 1857 they went off, full of the wildest excitement about this their first independent experiment.

II

EDUCATION AND THE SEARCH FOR "CULTURE"

IT is delightful to think of the eagerness with which Frances and Mary prepared to go to Milwaukee. At last they were to see something of the world, and learn something of its knowledge, and, of course, their delight was unbounded. Frances was seventeen and Mary fifteen, but they behaved like small children. They bothered Aunt Sarah with endless questions of what it would be like, and spent many hours preparing and packing their clothes and their books and possessions. They went about saying good-bye to the trees, and the river, and the "Eagle's Nest"; and then they were unexpectedly miserable when the time to start actually came. Even the excitement of going to school could not make up for leaving mother behind, and as their father drove them in to Janesville they probably looked out on the prairie with very tear-stained eyes.

When they reached Milwaukee, however, they

must soon have been comforted. To live in a town was in itself a new experience for them, and Frances tells how she sat by her window watching the lighting of the street lamps with the greatest delight.

They boarded, with their aunt, in a house "in which the Christian atmosphere reminded them daily of Forest Home," and every day they went to the Milwaukee Female College. This was a large Congregational school founded by Catherine Beecher, the sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe. It was a very religious school, and the girls behaved with almost unnatural goodness. They were expected to be good, they expected themselves to be good, and good they were, and they seriously tried to be "perfect in punctuality, behavior, and lessons"! Frank soon attained this satisfactory state, and both she and Mary were entirely happy while they were there. They made many friends, and delighted in feeling that they were getting an education. This they really were doing, for Miss Hill was a most interesting teacher, and Frances began to work so hard and so enthusiastically that her aunt was afraid for her health. It was here that Frank saw her first woman speaker, a queer, short-haired, half-crazy spiritualist, whom Aunt Sarah took her to hear because of

her "everlasting curiosity," and for whose ramblings Frances felt a sort of shamed pity.

Under her aunt's influence she now began to take a greater interest in religion, and even went to Bible classes with pleasure. In the midst of the record of this serious and ambitious time it is pleasant to come upon a note of the fifty cents sent to them by Mike Carey, their father's "hired man." This was the only money the girls had to spend during the three months they were away from home, and with her share of it Frances, after due deliberation, bought a ticket to a menagerie, a notebook, and some peppermint candy.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard came in July to see how their daughters had progressed, and to take them home for the summer. Frank's Journal gives a glimpse of the rush of the examinations and the excitements of the end of term:—

"*Milwaukee,* July 16, 1857.—Terrible times preparing for examination. I have studied hard, and ought to do well. How will it be? I pause for a reply."

"*July* 23.—Left the city at half-past ten. Felt fully as bad as when I left home, even worse."

The following September Frank was eighteen. She was as full of joy over her birthday cake as

if she were just eight, and she danced about wildly to celebrate her coming of age. She wrote an "ode" for the occasion, which showed that she still loved liberty as much as when she tamed her cow:—

"The last year has passed:
The last month, week, day, hour, and moment.
For eighteen years, quelling all thoughts
And wishes of my own,
I've been obedient to the powers that were.
Not that the yoke was heavy to be borne,
And grievous,
Do I glory that 'tis removed—
For lighter ne'er did parents fond
Impose on child.
It was a *silver* chain:
But the bright adjective
Takes not away the *clanking* sound
That follows it."

To put her freedom to the test, and to make quite sure of it, she settled down towards evening, in her mother's rocking-chair to read "Ivanhoe." No doubt she did not attend to a word of it, for to read a novel in the face of her father's opposition was a tremendous assertion of independence. Presently he came up to her and said very seriously: "I thought I told you not to read novels, Frances." "So you did, father; but you forget what day it is."

"What day, indeed! I should like to know if the day has anything to do with the deed!" "Indeed, it has. I am eighteen—I am of age—I am now to do what *I* think right."

As Frances goes on to relate in her autobiography —somewhat triumphant still over the incident— Mr. Willard was "dumbfounded." But he finally decided to laugh and let her go her own way—which was certainly the wisest thing to do!

After this success it was very disappointing to Frank to find that he would not let them go back to Milwaukee. The school was not sectarian enough to suit his rather strict Methodist views, and so they stayed at Forest Home for the winter. But they did not cease to dream of school, and of going on with their education, and they probably studied pretty hard by themselves, and constantly bothered their father to look out for some other place to which they might go.

In the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* they read of Evanston, the new Methodist suburb of Chicago, and of the colleges for boys and girls that had been started there. The Northwestern University was already flourishing, and the Northwestern Female College, which afterwards became part of the University, was at that time a private

institution managed by Professor William P. Jones and his wife. They heard on all sides glowing accounts of the advantages to be had there, and at last Mr. Willard went himself to inspect the place. To Frank's unbounded joy he came home with a favorable verdict, and on the 2nd of March, 1858, the two girls set out again, still eager for learning, and still excited at the thought of all there might be in the large world outside of home.

Evanston at that time was a small village with scarcely five hundred inhabitants. It is now a well-planned town with many miles of regular, symmetrical avenues of trees. The houses stand back from the avenues in their own gardens of shrubs and flowers, and the whole impression of the place is that of a flourishing, orderly suburb. Some of the original wooden houses are still standing, however, in their pleasant simplicity, with their sociable porches in front, and these are almost the only things that now give any idea of the village of Evanston as it was in 1858 when Frank and Mary came there to school. It was then just a plain, new village set down among the trees and the swamps—a few wooden houses, one or two stores, a " long oblong structure with papered walls that served for a church," and the " four proud public buildings that

were to make the village famous." Evanston was then the hope of the Northwest, a village planned to be "the Methodist Athens of the Prairies," where the learning and culture of the old world were to be reconciled with the energy and enterprise of the new, and where literature, rhetoric, science, and Christian principles were to find their surest foundation. Serious young men from the farms of Illinois and Wisconsin flocked to the schools, and those who came to settle were religious people, who were tired of the hard and lonely pioneer life, and who hoped to find there congenial companionship. They were for the most part fairly wealthy and very earnest families, and, as one of the first inhabitants said, they lived in "happy days, when they knew every one in the town, and all the Christians of the place filled up the meeting-house."

The University had been planned in 1850. As Miss Willard said, "Evanston began in a prayer-meeting. Half a dozen earnest Christian men met by appointment . . . in Chicago. Their object, often talked and prayed about before, was the founding of a University that should be a fountain of Christian scholarship for the Northwest. The Rev. Zadoc Hall led in prayer." This meeting came to the conclusion that "the interests of sanctified learn-

ing require the immediate establishing of a University in the Northwest under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church." They also hoped to establish a Biblical Institute for the training of Methodist ministers in the same village, and this was opened in 1855. The founders of Evanston were determined that their schemes should have every chance of success, and they therefore included in the University charter a provision that no intoxicating liquor should ever be sold within four miles of the college campus.

The enterprise began well. No sooner were the buildings begun, the streets laid out, and the lots put up to sale than the people began to come, for the northwest felt the need of a University.

In 1856 the Northwestern Female College was opened. This college was not part of the University, for the thought of female education had had no share in the hopes of the good men who had prayed so earnestly for the education of the Northwest. It was a private enterprise, undertaken and financed by Professor W. P. Jones and his wife, and it was not greatly welcomed by the Trustees of the University. They feared, of course, that anything so radical and unscriptural as a female college must endanger the reputation of their village, and they no doubt

greatly rejoiced when the first building was burned to the ground. But Professor Jones was not to be discouraged by misfortune or disapproval. He realized that Evanston, where the town and the University were both starting new together, was a favorable place in which to try the experiment of the higher education of women. And so he built his college, and rebuilt it when it was burned, and gathered his professors, and made his rules, and welcomed all the pupils that came.

Of course in those days no one quite knew what a women's college should be, and as one of the first Deans said, "it was not unusual for mothers to ask if teachers accompanied young ladies on their walks, if the bureau drawers of the students were inspected at regular intervals, and if the Saturday mending was under some one's supervision. The next visitor might be an independent young woman who would announce with plain decisiveness that she had come for college work only, and desired no limitations that were not equally imposed upon young men!"

But with all their difficulties and crudities the new University and the Woman's College began their work proudly and hopefully, and have grown and extended until now the Northwestern Univer-

sity is one of the largest and richest of the co-educational institutions in the United States. Different as it now is from the European ideal of a University, with its hatred of specialization, and its chairs of rhetoric, farming, and dentistry, it was even more different in 1858. Then its students studied to reconcile science and the Bible, worked faithfully over Butler's "Analogy," and were well versed in the principles of English composition and astronomy. They all went to Bible classes, they all hoped to become Christians, and they had the delightful years that people at college must have, no matter how good they are.

In those early days the female college was really little more than a boarding-school. The people who came had very little training, and passed no examinations, and they came at any age from twelve to twenty. But they all came with an earnest wish to study, and so the experiment of the higher education of women prospered.

Mary's Journal describes their early start from Forest Home, their "inward sighs," their journey to Chicago, and their naïve admiration of the "really beautiful college building." She tells also of their labors to install themselves in their room, tacking down carpets and unpacking trunks, and of

how they could "hope and guess we shall like to live here"; also of the homesickness that made her glad that their room was "quite pleasantly situated overlooking the railroad track, where cars pass often on the very road that connects us with our home!"

Both the girls were immediately popular. Within a month Frank was head of her classes, editor of the college paper, and leader of a band "of ne'er-do-weels" that had for four months a gloriously wicked career. This was the only time in her life that she gave way to the enterprising recklessness that made her company so exciting, and it is pleasant to think of the future reformer perched on the steeple of the building when she should have been in the classroom, and deserting a Bible lesson to have her hair cut short! It is equally pleasant to remember that all her life she had a passion—necessarily concealed—for horse-racing. She knew all the favorites, the odds, and the winners, though, of course, she did not ever dream of laying a bet, and even thought it wicked to watch a race, after the first exciting day in Paris when she discovered what it was like.

After all, her career as a ne'er-do-weel was almost equally innocent, for though she determined not to keep strictly to the seventy arduous rules of the establishment, it was only that she might behave well

according to a law of her own; and Professor Jones felt that he could rely on her influence in the school as on the whole a good one. She had no toleration for the silly escapades and moonlight walks with University boys which attracted some of her companions, nor would she ever share in anything that seemed to cast disrespect upon religion. But she was a great inventor of sport, and, as Mary Bannister described her, "she came to be something of a beau herself, a certain dashing recklessness about her having as much fascination for the average schoolgirl as if she had been a senior in the University, instead of the carefully dressed, neatly gloved young lady who took the highest credit marks in recitation, but was known in the privacy of one or two of the girls' rooms to assume the airs of a bandit, flourish an imaginary sword, and converse in a slashing way supposed to be known only among pirates with their fellows."

She was very striking-looking then, as always, with a peculiarly vivid and eager face, large, serious eyes, and golden hair. It is no wonder that she made an attractive bandit!

After four months of this reckless career, in which Mary took no part, they went back to Wisconsin for the summer. And then Frank took pos-

session of the schoolhouse and had her first experience of teaching.

Between Frank and her mother there was always the most perfect confidence, and such mutual understanding that, as she described it, "I could not tell where her thought ended and mine began." And so, of course, Mrs. Willard knew all about the pirates, and no doubt she was rather troubled by them, and felt she would like to be with her daughter during the next winter. And she was tired, too, of the loneliness of the farm and the hard work, and longed for the sort of life she could find at Evanston. She therefore persuaded her husband to move there in the winter, when it was time for Frank and Mary to go back to school. He found work in a banking business in Chicago, and they all lived together in a house they called "Swampscot" on the edge of the lake and the swamps. Frank and her father planted round it a great many trees and shrubs that they had brought from Forest Home, and they spent there three very happy years. Mr. Willard entered at once into the life of the village, and took an important part in planning its development, attending especially to the proper planting of the elm and maple avenues. Mrs. Willard delighted in the comparative leisure she now

acquired, and the whole family rejoiced in the friends they found, and the atmosphere of piety and intellectual endeavor in which they lived.

Frank worked harder than ever, and, being at home, she left the ranks of the "ne'er-do-weels" and turned her mind to less childish things. She "often rose at four o'clock, and more than once has been found on the sitting-room floor asleep with her head in Butler's 'Analogy.'" She also began to be troubled over religion, and there was one element in her life and surroundings at this time which she found it somewhat difficult to meet, and this was the often recurring revivals in the Methodist church.

The whole neighborhood would be stirred at these times of revival, and nearly every one she knew would be seeking either salvation or sanctification. The seekers would go to the altar to pray—that is, to the front benches in the church—and earnestness in religion was naturally measured by this outward manifestation. But for some reason Frances could not bring herself to this point, and it caused her much heart-searching. Especially was this the case when, in one of these revivals, her father went forward to the altar, and sought for and believed he obtained the blessing of sanctification. Mr. Willard was a very positive man, and held any views he

adopted with great earnestness, and he never gave up the blessing he felt he had secured. Naturally he wanted his daughters to seek and obtain the same thing; but Frances was too honest to adopt the views of even her own father unless she herself was also convinced, and she could not bring herself to go to the altar while she felt doubtful as to its efficacy and the reality of the blessing sought. And so she began to think she had doubts of Christianity, and then she had doubts of her doubts; but above all she knew that she did not feel right. This was the great difficulty with almost all the young Methodists of that day. Feeling was the one criterion of salvation, and if you could not feel saved there was no hope for you. Of course, it was very difficult to feel correctly. It was difficult to feel yourself a sinner, honestly deserving damnation, when you knew how hard you tried to be good; it was difficult to feel the importance of sanctification, when life was so happy, and when everything went so well; and above all, it was difficult to feel that you loved God all the time, when your head was so full of other things. This lack of feeling was taken to be a sign that you were all wrong, and consequently nothing was easier than to be troubled by religion. Professor Jones, the Principal of the College,

watched over Frank's religious development very carefully. In describing her as she was at this time, he says:—

"There were students' prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and missionary-meetings, revivals came and went, and few except Miss Willard failed to take a lively interest in them. Still, she was not indifferent."

At last he asked in church for prayers on her behalf. When she heard this she was "considerably wrought upon," for he had said she was an infidel, but she considered herself an inquirer. Soon afterwards, at his request, she did go to the altar. But the same day she wrote to him the following letter:—

"PROFESSOR,—I thank you very much for the interest you manifest in me, and at the same time I feel very guilty.

"I do not think you know how hard my heart is, how far I am from feeling anything. I see I have no excuse to offer for my conduct. Three facts stand out before me as facts, nothing more. I view them calmly, coldly. They are these: I am a great sinner: it is a sin greater than I can comprehend to doubt God . . . or to refuse submission to Him for a moment. I have no excuse for delaying to become a Christian. The third fact is, I am as cold as an iceberg, as unconcerned as a stone. I view it simply as

a truth. . . . You will say that I shall feel in hell (a hard word) . . . I acknowledge it. If there is a God, a heaven, a hell, a devil, then I am undone. . . . If I were to pray I should say, if I were candid, 'Oh God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!'

"... And now, in view of all these facts I ask, respectfully, yet earnestly, ought I to go to the altar, to kneel before the Christian's God, to hear the Christian's prayer, careless and unconcerned? . . . I am willing to attend church, though it interferes very much with my progress in science. I am willing to go if you think it will do any good, but until I feel differently I *dare not* go to the altar again. When I do I will go unasked.

"I am,
"Gratefully and respectfully yours,
"FRANCES E. WILLARD."

It is rather pathetic to think of the vehemence with which good people in those days longed to feel wicked, and the agonies they suffered because they could not. Frances, however, was too sensible to suffer very long, and she soon directed most of her religious energies to the effort to become a really satisfactory person. She made such very praiseworthy resolutions, and tried so hard to carry them out, that by-and-by she forgot to worry over how she felt. She became even a little priggish at this time, as when she resolved "to have two objects, a

life-object and a daily, hourly object," and "to inform myself first on the subjects of importance of which I feel most ignorant."

But it was very natural to become priggish in such a place, and it is only wonderful that she remained humble enough to be "mortified" by her "stupidity" now and again, considering that she was a leader among the girls, a favorite with the professors, and by far the best student in the college. She was chosen valedictorian, and was to have made the farewell speech for her class at the commencement exercises, but she had typhoid fever in the spring, and could not graduate. This was a bitter disappointment to her, but she had to submit to it, and when she recovered she settled down to live at home and go on with her studies by herself until Mary should graduate; when, as she wrote in her diary, she hoped to be able to earn her own living, pay her own way, and try to be of use in the world. It was during this illness that Frank's religious doubts were finally settled. Her experiences are hard to understand if one does not remember how supreme an importance attached to the ceremony of "coming out for Christ." The agonies that every boy and girl suffered in trying to be "converted" were only equalled by the difficulty of making public

confession when that happy state was reached, and the whole matter weighed heavily both upon the young people themselves and upon their parents and teachers.

When Frank was in danger of death she felt a conflict over her soul. Two voices urged her, the one to be good and surrender to Christ, the other to be bad and keep her independent position. She yielded to the good voice, and "said yes to God," and this brought peace to her mind. As soon as she was able to go out again she publicly joined the church on probation. Professor Jones describes the scene, which must have been one of impressive sincerity:—

"It was Sunday evening. A large congregation in the Methodist church had listened to an ordinary sermon, and seemed somewhat impatient for dismissal, when the pastor, to the surprise of every one, extended an invitation to those who wished to unite with the church on probation to meet him at the altar. The revival wave of the last winter had rolled by; there had been no special meetings; not a ripple of religious excitement was discoverable on the smooth current of the church. No one was expected to respond to the pastor's invitation. A moment's pause, and a young woman moved out into the main aisle, and approached the altar. Instantly all eyes converged on her. No sign or faintest token of doubt clouded that countenance

now. There was that firm expression which clinches faith and says, 'Here I stand. I can do no other.' The effect on the congregation was electrical. For a few moments the solemnity of the occasion held all other feelings in check. Then some one began the doxology, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' and it was sung as if the very stars were expected to join in the chorus."

But this was not the end. For fourteen nights in succession she knelt at the altar expecting some utter transformation, some part of heaven to be placed in her inmost heart. She "prayed and agonized," but what she sought did not occur. Then one night when she went to her room baffled, weary, and discouraged, it came to her quietly but surely that this was not the way, that her conversion was already accomplished since she wished to be saved, and that there was no need for agony or transformation. She therefore became a probationer, and a year later was baptized into the Methodist Episcopal Church. From this time onwards she led an intensely spiritual life, and troubled no more about her beliefs. She trusted in her favorite text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," and in that perfect peace she lived, trying only to be as good as the ideal Character she set

before herself, and anxious to be always about her Master's business.

Among the many religious helps with which Christians of that day were surrounded, not the least helpful, and at the same time the most delightful, were summer camp meetings, which the Willard family frequently attended. These were meetings held for ten days or two weeks in some secluded country spot amid grass and trees, when those who came lived in the utmost simplicity in tents, and were free from the business and cares of ordinary life. They met together to sing and pray, and to devote themselves to a search after the deeper things of God. There was generally a large central tent where all could gather together, and here meetings of all kinds were continually held from early morning until night: preaching meetings, prayer-meetings, inquirers' meetings, singing-meetings, testimony-meetings, anything that could draw together earnest seekers, or could help to strengthen the tie of Christian brotherhood. Besides these more public occasions, private meetings were continually held in many of the tents, where anxious inquirers could state their difficulties and could find answers to their questions. The utmost freedom and good-fellowship prevailed, and while they were seasons of deeply

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religious interest, they were also times of great social enjoyment. It is difficult for any one who has not been to one of these camp meetings to understand the delight of them. To be delivered from all the hampering conventionalities of ordinary life, and to feel free to be simple and natural and at your ease in the midst of Nature's trees and grass would be of itself enough to make one happy.

But besides this inducement to think of religion, Frank was led to think of it because it was the greatest intellectual interest of the University, as well as the private spiritual concern of each person. And so she went cheerfully to church four times on Sunday, besides teaching in the Sunday-school, and she duly noted in her Journal the four sermons she always heard. She attended lectures proving the evidences of design in the universe, refuting pantheism, and reconciling geology with the Mosaic account of the creation; she studied to find whether baptism by immersion was rational and correct, investigated the origin of evil, and the doctrine of the Trinity, and interested herself in church government.

When her brother Oliver decided to be a minister she was overjoyed, and followed his doings at the Biblical Institute with great admiration, and shared in all his enthusiasms and interests.

Her Journals of these years are very full of religion:—

"*Dec.* 1859. I think each member of the University is *equally* bound to sustain—do his or her part towards sustaining . . . such social-religious meetings as it would be a sin, a shame and a scandal for the church not to support. . . . It is *very wrong* that professing Christians take so little interest in these matters.

"At class meeting I gave a very sad account of myself—as the truth forced me to do. I'm not good, and I don't act like a Christian. But what is worst of all is that I know I might do better . . . the only reason I don't do so is that I *forget*.

"Is it not true that we have forgotten our Creator? We who are young are thinking of our studies, our friends, our pleasures, our plans, our prospects. If awakened on the Sabbath Day by warnings from the pulpit, does not the fear pass off with the close of the sacred hour to recur no more until the Sabbath again returns?"

Her comments on her lecture notes are sometimes amusing:—

"Geology teaches that death was in the world before sin, which is contrary to the Bible. But it is nowhere stated in the Bible that sin was the cause of the death of any save man: he only has sinned. Any other idea is a superstition and without foundation. We have learned it from our grandmothers, and not from

the Bible. Lecturer didn't say whether grandfathers taught us this notion or not."

With the years at school she had grown only more interested in the woman question, and, of course, now she was troubled by the views of St. Paul. It is easy to imagine the interest with which she read and reread those chapters which seemed to her so bigoted, and to understand how first she was furious, and then she was unhappy, and finally scornfully indignant:—

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

"For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and He is the Saviour of the body.

"Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing."

This was more than she could bear, and she wrote her protest in her Journal:—

"If I truly believed that the fifth chapter of Ephesians (22-24) was to be understood literally, and applied to *me* if I am any man's wife, I should think the evidence sufficient that God was unjust, unreasonable, a tyrant. But, as it is, I do not. This is *my* way of thinking, and I have a right to it. That right I will maintain."

It was not only St. Paul who roused her to maintaining her right to such opinions. Margaret Fuller's writings, which she discovered about this time, had an extraordinary effect upon her. The reputation of that very remarkable woman gave great weight to the solemnities she wrote, and Frank fell under her spell, and was solemn likewise.

Lucy Stone came to Evanston in 1859, and Catherine Beecher, and she met and talked with them both, and was filled with hero-worship. Very naturally, therefore, she adopted "advanced views," and maintained her right to them.

She was left to speculate very much by herself. With the exception of her mother, none of her companions or the older people she met were very sympathetic, and she had none of the encouragement and public opinion that help the young feminist of to-day. She had to work her way alone through the priggishness and morbidness and bitterness that cling around the early days of an unconventional movement, and she came in the end to conclusions that were definitely her own. They seem obvious now, those daring originalities of 1860, but at that date they were somewhat startling. She settled and arranged them in her mind in an abrupt miscellaneous fashion. It was woman's duty to understand

housekeeping in all its branches, she felt, and politics in all its bearings; she must be free to do whatever she could, and she must certainly vote.

Housekeeping "in all its branches" she felt to be hopelessly among the things she could not do, but politics she loved; and, indeed, it was a stirring time in which to care for them. The presidential election of 1860 was to be of overwhelming importance: the "house divided against itself" could not stand much longer. The "irrepressible conflict" was drawing near, and the interest of the situation was absorbing.

In Evanston these things seemed less real and dreadful than in other parts of the country. War, if it came, would be far away; there were no slave-owners there, no negro question, no difference of opinion even. They were all anti-slavery partisans and Republicans; but even there the excitement was intense. It reached its height when in May the Republican Nominating Convention met in Chicago. Frances, of course, wanted to attend this, but did not do so, "as father has given us such a lugubrious picture of the attendant difficulties." The next day, however, she regretted it.

"*May* 21. 1860.—Yesterday the Republican Convention at Chicago nominated A. Lincoln for Presi-

dent of the United States. I wish I had been in the Wigwam when this was done. The accounts Father and Oliver gave us of the excitement, the cheers, the handshakings, and the handkerchief wavings, etc., have made me very enthusiastic. They say we must have laughed or cried if we had been there."

But, during these first years out of school Frank's energies were not confined to religious matters, nor to politics, nor even to the absorbing woman question. She was very anxious to go on with her education, to become "cultured" and well-informed; and she was very busy, too, having a good time. There were naturally a great many young people in Evanston, and Frank and Mary and Oliver seem to have gone to many evening parties and excursions and "frolics." It is true that Frank still railed against the "usages of the present day," and thought small talk beneath contempt. It is reported that, "at some grammar party or sociable she was heard to begin a conversation with the very nonchalant remark, 'We all seem to be in good health, the company is pleasant, and the evening a fine one. These subjects being duly disposed of, what shall we talk about?'" And she probably followed this by a plunge into some unusually interesting discussion.

All the same she must have enjoyed many of

the charades and parlor games she professed to despise, and delighted in the serenading and riding and rowing and candy-making she thought so "profitless." She took part, too, in many of the University functions, attending their debates and "literary exercises," as well as their lectures and prayer-meetings. And then she was devoted to many of her friends, and in particular to Mary Bannister, daughter of the Professor of Theology. With her she would go for long walks to discuss their souls' welfare or their views on poetry, and she would sit for hours, listening to Mary's music. She founded, too, a secret literary society called the I.O., whose mysteries were recorded in her Journal in a very transparent cypher, and whose deliberations and debates dealt with such important questions as dreams and tears and tempers. Its avowed object was to excite the curiosity of the boys, and it imposed heavy fines for letting out secrets and voting both ways!

Frank's Journals for these years are very voluminous. They tell of an honest striving to be good, of a sensitive conscience, and a seriousness that felt bound to call all fun a waste of time. Seriousness of this kind is more often found in journals than in reality, but still it is certain that she did get through a great deal of solid reading of a miscel-

laneous kind. She read Wordsworth, puzzled over animal magnetism, was bewildered by Carlyle, and fascinated by phrenology; she was exhausted by Adam Smith, and wept over Dickens and George Eliot. She studied botany and all the science she could, wrote articles on general information for the *Prairie Farmer,* planned novels and composed essays, and, with her housework and her prayers and her friends, she was busy from morning till night.

The following quotations from her Journals of 1860 give a picture of the life of moral effort that she led—and a picture, too, of the intellectual crudeness of her surroundings. The book begins with an ambitious scheme of the extracts, instruction, and edification, with which she would fill the blank pages. Immediately after, there follows in Mary's handwriting:—

"Perhaps it may be obtrusive for me to insinuate any of my penmanship . . . but I will ask the owner of this Book if she remembers how lazy she used to be when we lived at Forest Home, how she used to run behind the door or out of the house so that Father on going to town would not leave orders for her to help wash the dishes? If she does not, I would like to have her recall the happy memory, for I remember that she would rather roost on a hay-stack all day than

get a stitch in anything. But perhaps I've said enough, perhaps she's better now.

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

She certainly was "better now," for there follows a "List of subjects on which I wish to inform myself":—

"Origin of Language.
Bible Evidences.
Schools of Philosophy.
Conchology.
Political Economy.
History of Literature.
Rhetoric (more extensively).
Mental Philosophy.
Mineralogy.
History (in general).
The Constellations.
Chronology, Architecture, Painting, etc."

And also a very strenuous "day's programme":—

"Rise at 5 a. m. Write until breakfast. After usual morning duties write until dinner. In p. m. sew, make calls and read. In evening always read the Bible, after which or besides which read or write at pleasure."

But in spite of this she often notes that, "in all this day I cannot see where I have done any good," and laments over the "worthless days of my life."

"I have spent almost every evening this week and a part of every day away from home . . . it is not wise, though it has been a pleasant use of time.

"Mary attended sewing society. I did not. As near as I can find out she went simply because she wished to do so. If I know my own heart, I stayed at home for precisely the same reason!"

"It is evening. Father and Mother are in the sitting-room, talking with Dr. B. . . . Oliver is out calling. Mary is over at the college. I am sitting in our little room alone with myself. I am somewhat sad. . . . And I'm not sentimental or foolish either."

"Here's a recipe for the abolishment of the Blues which is worth a dozen medical nostrums:—

Take one spoonful of Pleasant Memories
" two spoonfuls of Endeavors for the Happiness of others
" " " of Forgetfulness of Sorrows
Mix well with half a pint of Cheerfulness
Take a portion every hour of the day."

"*Mem.*—I must study Mental Philosophy after I leave school. It was rather deep, and I had to keep up a terrible thinking to get any benefit, but think I succeeded partially."

"Spent last evening at B. S's. Talked small talk, so small indeed that a constant mental adjustment, similar to that of a microscope, took place, I thought, in almost every mind; and such a magnifying process occurred that it was positively distressing."

"Here is a remark of Mrs. X. which seems to me worth remembering for the comfort and encouragement it contains: 'There comes a time in the history of every student when his acquirements ripen into culture.'"

"It is a great blessing to have a select, high-minded and cultivated class of correspondents. I will have these or none . . . I have made the resolve: I will never again ask an indifferent person to write to me, and will never write to one—as a correspondent—from whose letters I can derive neither improvement nor ideas."

"Made this day a resolve that concerning books, pictures, scenery, manners, society, etc., I will always (when it seems to me the proper time and place) express *my own* honest and candid opinion, and never say I like this or that, or think it 'sweet-pretty' or 'heavenly' or 'bewitching' merely because it is fashionable to think so.

"*Resolve* when I am angry to be silent."

On February 14, 1860, Mary again wrote in the Journal the following graphic description of an evening call:—

"Behold two female parties seated in their own apartment in frightful dishabille. Again list to the creaking wires of the broken bell. List to the tramp of female parties' brother going to open the door. List to the voices from without, 'Are the young

ladies in?' List to the answer, 'Yes, they are, both of them.' Again peep into the apartment. One damsel reclines languidly and sighs deeply, while the other in consternation nervously writes the above. Soon Brother comes up, 'Gentlemen wish to see you. Go down amicably. I told them you were both at home, and would be glad to see them.' Party No. 1 draws another sigh and says, 'Mary, go down: as for me, you know I shall retire very soon.' Party No. 2 rises nervously, combs her hair carefully, all the time exclaiming, 'I shan't go down one step.' Five minutes afterwards behold No. 1 and 2 slowly descending the stairs!"

Frank's bad handwriting continues:—

"Called at college yesterday. Professor Jones rallied me upon my miserable penmanship, and ended by giving me a Writing Book. I know I am not a fine writer . . . and somehow it doesn't trouble me."

"Have resolved that neither public opinion nor prejudice, narrow-minded pride 'nor any other creature,' shall prevent me from showing wherever I can kindness as delicate, and respect as genuine as possible to those whom the community as a rule treats slightingly or with positive meanness."

"I observed long ago that no class of human creatures get so little sympathy as those who carry in their life-luggage a bundle of nerves."

"This is one of the mild clear days in which we *live*. . . . I doubt not that statistics (mem: to ask

Oliver) would show that the majority of murders, robberies, etc., have been committed on the days that are 'dark and dreary.'"

"I have attended Dr. F.'s lecture in the University chapel, listened to Professor Goldman's discourse in the church, taken charge of a class in the Sabbath School and heard Professor Bartlett's afternoon sermon. I have seen presented enough of Christian worth to save all the world to all eternity, if it were but acted out in deeds."

"Mr. B., one of the kindest and most brotherly men imaginable *out* of the pulpit, but *exceedingly* prosy and uninteresting in it, preached. I have a wrong and unworthy habit of thinking my own thoughts whenever this gentleman preaches. When he commenced I thought to myself what a long time we shall have to sit here, I wouldn't sit still at home for so long for anything. And I looked all the people over and wondered what they were thinking of and I tried to imagine what it might be. I commenced with Mrs. B. and thought first in what good taste her bonnet was, and decided that probably she was thinking of her mother who was dead. I thought Ella B. was wishing she hadn't come to church, and I looked at Mary B. and thought what beautiful eyes she had, and how intelligent she was. I thought how sorry I was for little Dwight that he had no father nor mother, and I noticed that he looked bright and happy, and I was glad that God lets us forget. I looked at Miss Alex. and wondered what made her an old maid, and I

thought she had had a hard life, doubtless, and I wondered if it was labor and lifting that had made her poor shoulders so round. Then I thought how many there were in the church with whom I had no sympathy, and for whom I did not care any more than if they didn't exist—and who didn't care for me. Yet in how many things were we all alike! How still every one was, and how quietly they sat, and how many thoughts were in all those silent hearts. . . . And I remembered that God knew every heart better than any one knew itself. . . . I seem to feel the uselessness of trying to keep anything back from Him. . . . And so I went off deeper and deeper in my thoughts till I forgot Mr. B. and his sermon, and where I was for awhile, and came back to myself to discover that I was looking very hard at my two hands as they were clasped on the top of the Psalm Book. Pshaw, I'm tired of this."

"The Sabbath is past, and I fear I'm little better for its sacred hours. For very easily these things go out of my mind."

"Mrs. N. and *the* Miss W. called (Mem. She threw off her glove and displayed a diamond ring and *four* lesser lights on the one finger! poor child!) . . . Well, I'm sorry, I thought to like her and I can't. . . . What did she think of me? Nothing flattering, I'm certain. But my ugliness and stiffness and dullness don't help her. . . . Mrs. N. postulates too much."

"*May* 14. 1860.—Times are very hard in the West this Spring. Father says they're like those of the

great crisis of '36. What makes me say this is to introduce a ridiculous remark of Father's when he put on a new hat yesterday with his old and rather hard-looking suit of clothes; 'My hat reminds me of a man that went and put up some gates around on his farm and hadn't a stick of *fence* on it!'"

"Mother said, 'I'd rather be an Indian and tie my blanket with yellow strings than be subject to the British!'"

"Saw picture of A. Lincoln. If he is truly as ugly as that he isn't fit for President!"

"Resolved. If I ever have any money (which seemeth doubtful) to take the following papers and magazines that I may be intelligent with regard to current events in all important departments:—

For General News ...	*N. Y. Tribune.*
" Local do. ...	*Chicago Press & Tribune.*
" General Religious Intelligence	*N. Y. Independent.*
" Denominational do. ...	*N. W. Xian Advocate.*
" Popular Information and Literature ...	*Harper's Magazine.*
" Select Literature ...	*The Atlantic Magazine.*
" the Reason that I choose to do so ...	*Home Journal.*

"I thought that, next to a wish I had to be a saint some day, I really would like to be a politician."

III

INDEPENDENCE

IT is a strange thing that in spite of the happiness of the girls who lived in Evanston, in spite of their friendships for each other, their interest in the young biblical students, and their serious efforts after self-improvement, a great many of them went away to teach. They did not need to go: their fathers were rich enough to support them, their mothers were eager to have them at home, and yet they felt a call. Teaching was hard and tedious, and they all knew it; the life they would have to lead was lonely, "boarding round" was likely to be uncomfortable, and the children were sure to be unruly; and yet for this they gave up their homes and their friends and their studies.

It was, perhaps, partly because they wanted to own money that they went out to teach. Most men at that time believed in "the one purse theory for families," and kept that one purse safely in their own pockets. Mr. Willard, in particular, even went so far as to choose his daughters' clothes for them,

sometimes greatly to their annoyance. And the humiliation of having to ask for money, even if it were quite freely given, weighed on these girls a good deal. There were many things they wanted to do with money—papers to take in, photographs to give to their friends, or charities to subscribe to, all of which their fathers would not have grudged them; and yet they went without them sooner than face the ordeal of asking.

Perhaps it was also partly a spirit of adventure that drove them out. Life was so full of possibilities, and Evanston was so familiar. Teaching was dull, of course, but it was all they could do, for, as Frank said, "not to be at all or else to be a teacher," were their only alternatives. Life at home doing nothing, earning nothing, seemed to cause them not to be at all, and so teachers they had to become. But it was not only a spirit of adventure, nor a desire for money; there was also a much more serious purpose in their hearts, a purpose to be of use in the world, to count for something. It seemed to them wonderful to earn money, and to be "a worker." To their brothers it was a matter of course, but to them it had all the importance of a mission. For one thing, the decision was in their own hands; they were not expected to work, and

everything was conspiring against them. They could not get good wages, they would have to fight public opinion and their own laziness, and do it all without encouragement or incentive or prospect of success. But, of course, these difficulties only added strength to their purpose, till it began to seem an imperative duty, and a self-sacrifice supremely desirable.

Frances was the first of these girls to set out. She had stayed at home for a year after leaving college, but all through the year she was growing restless.

"I am twenty years old and I have neither dignity nor womanliness. I am giddy and thoughtless—as much so as I ever was. . . . I am not reliable, and self-contained. . . . Now I'm sorry that I'm not more like my ideal young lady and I'm anxious to be more like her if I can. But I must get my discipline in a rougher school than most young ladies do. I see clearly that I shall never be the grown-up person that I ought to be until I have borne and labored and had patience. And if I become a teacher in some school that I don't like, and if I go away alone and try what I myself can do, and suffer, and am tired and lonely . . . and if everything is hard for me . . . I think I may grow to be strong and earnest in practice. . . . So I hope to get the school Mr. E. wrote to me about, for it will be hard and I need hard things if I'm ever

to be a 'fine character.' And I wish it more than any one thinks I do."

"*May 22.*—Letter from Mr. E. saying that he thought he had secured me a school. It is very kind of him, for I ought to be earning money for myself and doing something as every one else is. *Of course* it will be very hard for me; for I'm not used to care or trouble. Evanston is a beautiful place to live in and those I love best are here: but I would rather go, notwithstanding. . . . I hope to obtain the situation, for I have not yet been out in the world to do and dare for myself, single-handed and alone, and I should like to try my powers. For I've remained here in the nest a full-grown bird long enough and too long. It is an anomaly in Natural History!"

When it was all settled she told her father that she had accepted a post as teacher of the district school at Harlan, a village about twenty miles away. He was very unhappy about it, for he wanted to "protect" his daughters; but it was arranged, and he would not actually forbid her to go. In fact, he took her there so as to protect her up to the last minute.

Frances was miserable at going. Her friends wrote melancholy notes to her, and came to serenade her, but they did not try to make her stay. They knew she was right, and they admired her strength of purpose.

The only training for her teaching that she had was a short visit to two of the Evanston schools, and the experience she had had one summer vacation at Forest Home, when she took charge of the schoolhouse, more in play than earnest. With this slight equipment she set forth on her career. Her Journal tells the story of the misery of her first few days, and of how she soon made friends, of how she grew interested in teaching and sometimes forgot to be homesick, and of how she came home after thirteen weeks' experience feeling older and wiser and of far more value in the world:—

"*Harlan. Cook Co., Ill. June* 5, 1860.—After leaving home, walking from Harlan station to my ugly red school-house through a marsh, riding through the flying mud with some kindhearted ladies to my boarding place, and meeting the iciest of receptions; taking dinner and walking more than half a mile back to my den (for it is nothing else than the most comfortless house I have ever seen): going through the tiresome routine teaching A B C, spelling and the like, helping sweep the school-house (which is dirty beyond description, with broken windows, baked floor, and cobwebs mingled), walking home again, unpacking and arranging my effects, arranging 'Order of Exercises' for my school,—after all this I sat down, very tired and full of heartache, and the tears came into my eyes. . . .

"Home is so pleasant and they are kind to me and I have friends. . . . I'm not very strong, cold words and heartless looks jar me very painfully.

"Father walked over to the school-house to bring me a bundle and to say goodbye last night before he went away. I turned away, saying in answer to his half-cheery, half-sad words (for I knew he was sorry for me), 'Goodbye, Father, I'm not afraid.' But the tears blinded me so that I could hardly see to go back to the teacher's desk again. And yet they don't know. The rough school directors don't dream that I'm not exactly in ecstasies even though I'm teaching in their 'deestrict.' And they'll not know either! I turn to God with new eagerness. . . . Just now I took my Bible and opened it at the passage, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'

"Yes, it is hard, and I knew it would be. But I can bear it and I will. The inside and the outside life are vastly different: one is quiet and firm, the other full of longing and misery. Of this last I shall not write even in my letters home, for it would do no good and it would worry Mother.

"School life is almost unendurable. I have twenty-seven scholars, 5 A B C darians, the rest all under twelve years old, except two girls and one boy. The school-house leaks, is small, dirty and meanly constructed. The children are more than half German, the rest Irish and uncultivated (Oh, how emphatically so!) Americans. I have a class in Botany, U.S. History, Algebra, Arithmetic and Grammar. It is very cold and I have no materials for making a fire. The

house leaks and my desk is wet and I am completely chilled. In three hours I must walk home through the mud that will come over my shoe tops."

This extremely dismal state of mind soon passed away. In the first place Frances made great friends with Clara Thatcher, the daughter of the people with whom she boarded. Before they had known each other two days they had "already planned to pursue together the following studies": Drawing from copies; sketching from Nature; constellations; botany and herbarium-making; entomology; conchology; aquarium-making and the manual alphabet!

With this energetic prospect before her Frank was able to write:—

"*June 7.*—I am quite contented this morning, and disposed to look with some complacency on my lot in life. My school will be thoroughly organized before the close of the week.

"Asked two of my pupils why we have such a day as Xmas. They said, 'It comes some time in the Fall and we have it so that we can hang up our stockings and get something nice.'"

This lamentable ignorance roused Frank to open a Sunday-school, and thus to deprive herself of her only day of rest. She gradually became more and

more interested in her teaching, and was evidently very successful. The numbers in the school rose from twenty-seven to forty-five, and the behavior gradually became exemplary.

"My pupils have not been as studious or as easily governed as usual to-day, and they have troubled me exceedingly. I've been obliged to box the ears of two little reprobates, apply the ferule to the brown palms of four more, and lay violent hands on another to coerce him into a measure that did not exactly meet his views. . . . I would never speak a harsh word to them only as they force me to do so by the total depravity manifested in their conduct.

"Went walking with Clara this evening to sketch and collect beetles. Took a sketch on the banks of the Oplani River, pulled a log to pieces and bottled a lot of Coleoptarians, talked and laughed and had a pleasant time. Analyzed what finally proved to be an ox eye daisy, and made it come out a prickly pear! I haven't laughed so heartily in months as over this scientific result."

"*June* 13.—Just now some Winnebago Indians went by and created a great excitement among my little flock. The chief and the rest of the men walked erect and unburdened. The women staggered along under great packages laid on their shoulders. This relic of barbarism set me thinking about the blessings of our civilization and the thankfulness that should fill every *woman's* breast for the Christianity that has wrought the change."

"*June* 15.—Got on with less thwacking than usual this morning. They seem *so small* to me that I don't like to hurt them. Two of the directors called a moment, looked savagely around, and telling me to 'thresh 'em within an inch of their lives if they didn't behave themselves,' took their departure. I wish they wouldn't call so often."

These directors, indeed, were rather a trial to her. They would come to see how she was getting on, picturesque old farmers with their red shirts and their blue overalls and slouch hats, and stand about and tell her what to do. But she defied them more than once. "The obeying days are passed with me," she said, and she would teach in her own way.

The whole curriculum was in her hands, and, except for the directors, she could do as she liked. She drew up eight amusing rules for conducting a country school, which show that she had a natural gift for teaching:—

"1. Never let your pupils understand you or know what to expect from you.

"2. Demand implicit obedience. Never yield a point.

"3. Introduce general exercise when practicable (mem. gymnastic exercises, singing, pointing to places on atlas, and reciting in concert, parts of flowers, bones

of body and as many other awful things as you can think of).

"4. Be prompt.

"5. Give general information on important subjects.

"6. Let the little ones go out and play a good deal during study hours.

"7. Have everything systematized to fullest extent.

"8. Wink at whispering unless it becomes too palpable.

. . . . . .

"During school-hours [I] forget home and friends and everything else in my desire of instructing my pupils well and worthily.

"Several thwacking interludes, and four refractory rebels kept after school. I didn't like to punish them, foolish little things, and so I told them.

"I might go home any Saturday I chose; it is only nineteen miles—but I *will not,* though I wish so much to do so, for it is better for me to learn self-denial.

"I never felt so firmly as I do now how vast and wonderful is God.

"I had a long kind letter from father. He requested me not to write letters on the Sabbath. Therefore, though I think it is not wrong to write a friendly Christianly letter, with words in it I should talk if it were possible—I will hereafter, out of respect for his wishes simply, cease to do so.

"Sat in the twilight and sang myself into happiness.

"After all, though I think and write so much of home and friends, how much better it is to be going to my work this morning with the rest of the busy, striving world than to be at home idling about, read-

ing some, writing a little, walking with the girls and devising ways and means of killing time, and yawning and fretting at my own idleness. I'm very glad I'm here learning patience and bravery and self-reliance, and earning more than a dollar a day.

"I wish my heart was pure and loving toward God. But alas, when I pray the heavens seem brass above me. . . .

"Got up at four and read the papers before breakfast. There is a certain freshness and charm about a newspaper if it is not over a few hours old.

"When the census-taker wrote 'teacher' opposite my name I stood up a little straighter and thought to myself, 'You are of the workers now, thank God for it.'"

On the whole she really enjoyed her work, hard though it was. The summer was very hot, and sometimes she grew tired and hoarse "with talking to so many nuisances"; she "felt weary all the time," and was often so homesick that she felt she could not bear it when her letters did not come. But her pupils loved her, and she taught them well; and Clara was a great comfort, and she was doing what was right, and so at night she "read the Bible, prayed to God, and went to sleep," and was content.

She took one holiday, when she went home to attend the graduation of her sister and her great friend, Mary Bannister; and the joy of this, which

had set her dancing around the house for days before, lasted her on till the other glorious day when she shut the schoolroom door for the end of term and went home to rest.

It was not long that she stayed there, however. After a few weeks she was off again to teach in another school, and repeat, more or less, the experiences she had just passed through. Mary Bannister went away also, and Kate Kidder, and many of the others, and Mary Willard, who was left at home, grieved bitterly because she, too, could not go out into the "larger life."

Mary's Journals for these years are very charming, and, in a way, more interesting than her sister's. They are not so full of facts, resolutions, and strivings, and they reveal a very different character, but they have in them many quiet touches of observation. They are more thoughtfully written, too, without the impetuous haste that was always driving Frank on to new things. While Frank was away Mary thought of her much, and wrote of her in her Journal.

"*July* 7.—It thunders and lightens. I wonder what Frank is doing! She always was afraid in a storm. I remember when we lived at Forest Home she used to put her head in mother's lap and ask her to sing

so as to have evidence that she at least was not frightened. Oh, those were queer times! Frank and I never dreamt of what was coming—never thought of ourselves as being young ladies."

They were devoted to each other, and it was hard on Mary that she should be left behind; but she thought it was right that Frank, at any rate, should go, and hoped that perhaps when she was stronger and older she might be able to follow.

The second school in which Frank taught had the curious name of "Kankakee Academy," and there she found herself "preceptress of philosophy, history, drawing, grammar, and reading."

"*Sept.* 26, 1860.—I have been trying to think why I go away to this new work so soon. I can not tell. I only know that I have some dim sense that it is right and best. Certainly it is not the happiest.

"I have not done much in these years, yet God knows I will try to make up if He will spare me, and somehow I believe He will."

"*Oct.* 2. What a world this is, to be sure, and how we struggle about in it, straying off from those whom we love and those who love us to strange unfriendly regions. . . . Father left me yesterday evening, and I prayed quite trustfully and went to sleep with a broad grin on my face, put on through sheer strength of will. I am going to try not to cry once while I am here, for I am 21. It is not so very bad, and I won't

care. I wish I were a better *woman.* Burke says that the traits most admired in women are dependence, softness, timidity, and I am quite deficient in them all."

When Frank was away from home her mother wrote her many sedate and comforting letters, from which the following is a typical extract:—

"It gives me pleasure to learn that you are not lonely or unhappy. . . . I am thankful you have calmness, and quiet endurance, and something that you can almost call peace. Your excitement you must now seek in the vitalizing influences of the Holy Spirit."

It did not need her mother's encouragement, however, to turn her mind to religion. Kankakee appears to have been a village of "non-professors," who yet were so good and pious that Frank felt she could not say, "Surely we are the people," with half the emphasis she once put on the words. They said their prayers, "though not bred to orthodoxy," and they contributed to the support of the church, though making no profession of Christianity, and Frank felt that this taught her an important lesson in charity and faith in mankind. She began to think, "that I regard all the churches, the branches rather of one church, with feelings of equal kindness and fellowship. For myself, under existing circumstances, I prefer the one to which I

belong, but that a person belonged to that church and was a true Christian, would be to me no more of a recommendation than that he was a true Christian and belonged to any other." This was her attitude all her life long. She never ceased to be a Methodist, "because I have been reared in it," but her interpretations of doctrine were very liberal. The interest in religion that her Evanston training had given her she never lost, but she was never troubled over doctrine. It seemed to her that it was unimportant, and that holiness and spiritual life were the real things. She sat at the feet of every teacher of holiness she ever met, learning from Buddhist, Quaker, or Catholic alike, and her belief in goodness and in God was her inner life, and came to be the whole meaning of existence to her.

At Kankakee she stayed only three months. Mary was not well, and her father persuaded her to come home at Christmas. Then for six months she went back to the pleasant life of a young lady at home, and studied German and worked again to improve her mind, and enjoyed herself very greatly, even though she was still tormented by a feeling of uselessness.

"*Feb.* 26, 1861.—I thought to-night as twilight settled over us in the sitting-room downstairs how sad

and significant a thing is this common life we live so carelessly. Father sat by the fire, resting after his work. Mother was near him. At the piano Mary was playing a low, musing sort of melody. The firelight flashed up now and then. I sat on the lounge with my hand under my chin and gazed over everything. Thus in a thousand homes I thought of fathers and mothers with their children."

"*March* 4, *Lincoln's Inauguration Day.*—I wonder why God lets me live? I'm of no earthly use. Nothing would go differently without me, unless . . . the front stairs might not be swept so often. . . . But come, let us reason together, what more could I do if I would? . . . Nobody seems to need me. In my present position there is nothing that I might do and don't do except to sew a little and make cake! . . . But perhaps I may be needed some day and am only waiting for the crisis. We are told that God in His wisdom makes nothing in vain.

"Below stairs Dr. B. and father are talking of secession, Lincoln, the Cabinet, and the prospect of Civil War. The opinion generally expressed is that a collision is unavoidable and must occur within a very few days. God pity us and forgive the accumulations of crimes and follies that have brought so near us a result so terrible."

"I tried to make my toilet with unusual care, thereby succeeding in looking as homely as sin.

"I wonder why I live and what I'm coming to—and what I shall have done before I die?

"Somehow I think there are possibilities in me that I do not enough regard. I really think I might be

and do more than I ever have as yet. I feel it sometimes—this rising up of powers that I don't use as I might. God forgive me if it's wrong or conceited to say so. It seems to me . . . that my best self does exist, that it might do, that this poor unworthy life is *not all*. That I might do something higher and better—aye! and that I will.

"Concerning Bro. B.'s sermon I may be permitted to say that I survived it.

"A hungry soul and a bruised heart are objects more pitiable, more full of agony, I think, than a maimed limb or abject penury. I wish my mission might be to those who make no sign yet suffer all the more intensely under their cold, unimploring faces. The agony of a sensitive nature feeling that it does not adequately represent itself . . . that its efforts to rise are viewed with carelessness by the most generous in the community: that it is denied companionship with those whose society it craves and feels that it deserves—no words may measure this. These people whose souls sit on the ends of their nerves . . . to whom a cold look or slighting word is like frost to the flowers—God pity them.

"I think the Willards are made polite by reason of their own extreme sensitiveness.

"Nothing is a light matter that makes my heart ache. Nothing is indifferent that gives [me] pain . . . though I have as good an opinion of myself as the facts will at all warrant, yet a sting is a sting to me be I weak or strong, and I will avoid it as long as I have the power. And I will speak more kindly and considerately to those whose claims are unrecog-

nized by the society in which I live than I will to any others."

"*April* 13.—Father brought startling intelligence. The war has actually begun. Fort Sumter is attacked. . . . I feel strange and sad to think how they are fighting down there to-night. But God works in these things, and if this curse that slavery entails upon us can be removed, every true and patriotic heart must say, 'Let it be done.'"

The outbreak of war caused the wildest excitement up and down the country. The churches of the North and South thundered against each other, and both called down God's wrath upon the enemy. "There is but one voice all over the North," wrote Frances, "and that is, 'Here am I, send me.'" All the girls began to make flags and bandages, and dreamed of nursing the soldiers. Students in the University enlisted—Oliver Willard among them; but they were not called to the front. For a time the whole village rang with war; the first Sunday trains that Frances had ever known rushed through Evanston taking the troops from Minnesota to Washington, and some of their friends and acquaintances were among those who went, never to come back.

"*April* 21, '61.—On this beautiful Sabbath day the unusual sound of the whistle and thundering cars has

been heard for the first time, and our thoughts have been more of war, I fear, than of the God of battles whom we tried to worship. It is twilight and soon I shall go peacefully to sleep, but while I am asleep a thousand soldiers will pass through our quiet village on their way to 'the war,' that terrible Something which hangs over us black and portentous. Somewhere in Wisconsin, and on the broad, bright plains of Minnesota, mothers, sisters, daughters and wives, will be weeping and praying to-night for the soldiers. God pity them and give them peace."

But no one believed that the war could last long: and in any case it was far away, and Evanston soon settled back into its usual round of self-improvement and religion. Now and then there came to Chicago patriotic speakers, urging the men to enlist and keeping alive the patriotism of the North. One of these, Anna Dickinson, Frank went to hear. She was a great orator, the second woman Frank had ever heard, and she made a profound impression upon her mind. Anna Dickinson was only a young girl, barely twenty, with short, curling black hair and the most wonderful voice. She seemed almost inspired when she spoke, and roused her audiences to the wildest pitch of excitement. She went her way over the country, one of the most remarkable figures of the war, urging, exhorting,

and rousing the North to care for the Union and fight for liberty. Years afterward Miss Willard tried to induce her to speak for the temperance cause. They became friends, and for a time Frances hoped to persuade her to use her great gifts and her immense popularity for the new war against intemperance; but her restless ambition and morbid nature carried her away to other work, and in the end to failure.

Except for excitements such as her coming, however, the war seemed to make little difference in Evanston. The young men wrote their first sermons, and read them to their admiring friends; the reading circles met and discussed free-will and the doctrine of special providences, and things went on as before. Frances and Mary Bannister talked to each other of their spiritual states, and of their ambitions; and about this time they also began to confide very important secrets, for they were both falling in love.

Oliver Willard had many friends among the young students, and his sisters saw a good deal of them; sometimes they saw too much, as when Frank wrote:—

"*April* '61—We talked sense till my eyes shut themselves involuntarily. . . . They stayed too long: I

wonder if gentlemen know how torturing this is to the female heart! (How Mary and I hate that word next to the last!)"

But they did not always stay too long, nor did they always talk sense—and Frances and Mary were great friends with many of them. Oliver's chief friend at that time was Charles H. Fowler, a young man of great promise, whom Frances began to like. She found she could talk quite freely to him and not be misunderstood. She admired him unreservedly.

"He talks so well, 'like a book' literally. There is no hesitation, no repetition. Indeed, his mind seems to me so well sorted out: like a store where the shelves are all in order and everything is labelled and arranged.

"With Fowler I never think what I shall say next, nor how I shall get on trying to entertain him. The only trouble is a slight incoherence owing to the fact that I have so much to say."

Then he began to confide in her. He told her why he did not enlist with the others, and of his past history, and his great ambitions, until gradually she found that she was falling in love with him. She took it simply and naturally, and wrote of it very truthfully in her Journal, rather wondering at her own sensations.

"*April* 29.—I wonder if I ought? It seems rather hypocritical to keep a journal and not write in it one's *self* and one's *entire* self, as far as it is known.

"I have never done this, until now. If I told nothing that savored of romance, or secret sighing, or a 'heart-affair,' it was because I had none of these things to tell. I never permitted them in myself. I believe we may be creatures of *will* in these matters, and I have been one.

"Beyond the whim of the hour . . . I have had no experiences. And very heartily I thank God for this, that my heart has been *free* and *quiet* all these years. . . .

"I am not sentimental—could never pine away on account of blasted hopes and unrequited affections, or broken vows. (I am not sneering now, nor ever shall, I hope, at those who are so constituted that they cannot help doing these things.) I have never known anything of Love—the kind, I mean, they tell about in stories—until——

"There's a robin singing on a tree top yonder. The music is very sweet, jubilant and beautiful. Somehow there is a song in my heart just like the robin's, only more soft and full of melody. It was never there until—Oh, a very little while ago. I've heard father tell how the brooks come down the mountains in New England; out of dark, silent places among evergreens and moss and shadow they steal forth, and gurgle with such a pleasant murmur down the steep hillsides. Sometimes they make rivers, I suppose, and sometimes not. Well, I keep on hearing such a musical sound all the time, and I guess that's

in my heart too. It's rather strange, I know, and not like me, but I've read of 'the fountain very far down' in some people's natures—perhaps it has been reached in mine!

"I think so often nowadays of the beautiful buds of white roses. Do they *always* change to roses, I wonder? It may be foolish, but I can't help hoping that they do. . . . The song . . . makes everything beautiful, more than it used to be. . . . It is no matter about particulars: suffice it that I am in some way different, that I wonder and laugh and am surprised at myself. That my boasted pride has fled away from me, and yet I'm not ashamed. That I am glad and thankful, and finally that for the first time in your life, you stony-hearted personage, who have smiled so wisely upon the secrecy with which other girls invest their journals, *you* must hang your head, look remarkably foolish, and *hide this book* between the mattress and the feather bed! O simpleton, I mourn over your apostasy. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? No, not in the least. Why should I be?

"The proud don't-care feeling of all my life before is gone, and I acknowledge myself *conquered*. It seems strange to give up: strange to care so much for one I don't know very well: strange to think so much in such a new direction. I doubt my own identity once in a while.

"I'm very different now. I hardly know myself, and I guess that I don't like myself as I did once."

But if she did not like herself so much, she liked some one else more, for she was very genuinely in

love, and endured all its great excitements, its hopes and despairs. At the end of May she went back to Harlan to teach through the summer again. The thought of it had been very dreary, and the "banishment" promised at first to be as bad as her fears. But she had plenty of courage and common sense, and after a day or two she declared that she had—

"found how to cheat Harlan of its quota of miserable days and weeks. *By constantly employing my time.* I permit no reveries: I don't think of the old life or the old loves. They underlie everything, of course, but they don't—*shan't* outcrop only very, very seldom. I read or write or teach or eat or sleep or talk all the time. I don't sit still thinking a moment. And really I find I can tolerate existence very well!"

Soon she did not need this sensible plan; the reveries might be encouraged—the old loves remembered; for the existence she could tolerate turned into one in which she was "almost perfectly happy." She became engaged to Charles Fowler on June 2nd, and her Journal tells the love story very simply:—

"*June* 5. I haven't written since Friday, four whole days. In them—how shall I tell it? There is no way better than to begin at the beginning and narrate this as if it were not the most blessed, beautiful event of all my life! Well——. Much to my surprise and

delight Mr. Fowler and Oliver came by the 9 o'clock train on Saturday evening, the former to preach, the latter to visit. The Sabbath, *June 2*, was the dearest, holiest day of all the days I've lived. Charlie and I talked on the piazza all the morning. We exchanged confidences on a subject I have thought much about. . . . It is one concerning my brother and my friend (Mary Bannister). I have such hopes that they may love each other—it would make me almost perfectly happy. I should want only one thing more. . . . I know now that I have that other thing. . . . We talked pleasantly—I remember it, and there is little need to write it down, the quiet talk we had.

"In the afternoon he preached—very finely, it is almost superfluous to say. He looked splendidly in the pulpit (or rather the desk of the little schoolhouse where I've spent many days, very long and very lonely). . . . After church and after tea he asked me to go walking. . . . Coming back—I don't know how it was—it is all like a beautiful dream—he told me that he loved me—that I was 'the first and last and only one.' And with no fear, no shrinking, I told him I had always loved him—that it seemed so natural to me, as if there was nothing else I could do except that. . . .

"I am happy now. The loneliness doesn't trouble, the school doesn't weary, the annoyances have lost their power. Under them all is the consciousness that he does care.

. . . . . .

"Oliver asked for 'war news' and offered to ex-

change it. I must tell him that Fort Sumter has surrendered."

After this Harlan, and all the world, became delightful. She had energy for everything, and spirits as high as in the days when she ran wild on the farm, before she became a young lady. She was still teaching six hours a day, but she managed besides "to improve in the following departments: bread-making, using sewing-machine, horseback riding, German, chess, drawing, fishing, driving, shooting." She made friends with every one in the place, ate strawberries and cream voraciously, and took to reading stories of adventure again. But all the while she says very little of the love that caused this joy, and writes more of fishing and riding and her school. At the end of the Journal, however, there is a simple bit of thanksgiving for her happiness:—

"I thank Thee for the blessings that have come to me, and the rest that has come to my heart since I commenced this book. I thank Thee for him, so noble, good and gifted, and for his love, the greatest blessing, the holiest benediction, that my life has known. Make me better and more worthy."

To which young Fowler added, in the margin:—

"God help me to keep that light undimmed, that rest undisturbed, that benediction unabated.—C.H.F."

At the end of June she gave up her school and went home, thinking that her teaching days were over. But even then she was rather uneasy, for Mr. Fowler was not always in sympathy with her cherished beliefs, though, of course, for a time they seemed perfectly agreed.

The word "conquered," which she had used when she found herself to be in love, seemed to please him exceedingly. "First mention in this book, Frank, may God bless you," is his comment, a calm acceptance of authority that must surely have troubled the thoughts that were set in the new direction, but were the same thoughts still.

He gave her books to read that were sternly Calvinistic.

"Read 'The Baptism of Fire.' It impresses me strangely, and I must add, painfully. . . . I have been taught that religion is a happy thing. I thought God wanted us to enjoy life. . . . I thought He would rather we laughed than cried. . . . When Christ forgives me, what agony need I be in?"

Thoughts like these distressed her, and Mr. Fowler talked of them with too certain a voice, and by the following April she was back at work

again, her engagement broken and her future in her own hands once more.

It is not difficult to imagine why the engagement ended, since Frank was too honest to cheat herself into hoping for what she knew to be impossible, and Mr. Fowler too earnest to be content with any compromise. But it must have been difficult for them both—difficult to realize their incompatibility, and still more difficult to say so. To Mr. Fowler it was probably the harder, since he held it to be woman's province to adapt herself to man, and he no doubt thought Frances was to blame. To her it was probably something of a relief; and yet it was hard for her, too, hard to give pain and hard to face it. There are no records to show exactly how they came to find that their love was only friendship and their hopes delusions. The Journals for those months are lost, and in the autobiography the incident is only mentioned as "the climax that I then thought would close my independent career." But to her friends Miss Willard would often say how greatly she had liked and respected, and even loved Fowler, "so long as he stayed the other side of the room," but how, when he came over to her side, she knew that she could not marry him. This may have been metaphorical

as well as literal, for when he took up the defence of her theories he no doubt put into them meanings, severities, and limitations that she did not like, and an exclusiveness that she could not understand.

At any rate, by whatever difficult steps, they came to an understanding in February, after having been engaged for eight months. And in April Frank began to teach again, at the Grove School in Evanston.

Mary Bannister also taught at this school. She and Oliver had become engaged at about the time that "Fort Sumter surrendered," and this engagement was a great delight to Frank and to the whole family. Mary Willard's Journal gives an amusing picture of Oliver and his affairs at this time:—

"*July 24.* About twenty years ago in the State of N.Y. might have been seen a young mother and her only son. . . . Well, this small boy lived on, year after year: he grew, he cried, and laughed: he rocked the cradle of his youngest sister—often impatiently—and I make no doubt often dropped her on the floor when he was tired of holding her, so that she might cry and be taken care of by his mother. He went to school: played marbles: made mud pies: studied his lessons with unusual diligence. When quite a youth he lived upon a farm: he milked cows and tended sheep: he made a swing: he swung his sister: he

hunted, fished, and learned to swim. Later in life he went to college: assumed superior airs at vacation time: smoked cigars: wore paper collars: carried a slim little cane: and quoted Byron. Subsequently he graduated in a creditable manner from college: lived at home for a few months: grew serious: commenced studying for the ministry—FELL IN LOVE.

"After all that I have said but one more remark shall be offered, viz.: My brave and noble brother can no longer be depended upon as an escort o'nights by his feminine relatives."

Frances tried to find comfort in her friend's happiness, and meanwhile she worked very hard at the new school. "Dear knows I give my whole mind to it, to say the least," she wrote on April 25th, and its difficulties only helped her not to be unhappy. But the next few months were in other ways a very miserable time for her, for Mary Willard fell ill of consumption. Every morning Frank went off to school, and worked hard and felt that if she were not so tired she would thank God every moment that she was of *use*. But Mary, who stayed at home, grew more tired still, and wondered whether God meant her to be of use, too, or always to be an invalid. As the days went by she grew worse and worse, though they tried to hope that she might recover.

"*May* 30, '62.—Mary is getting better very slowly —it is a painfully familiar sight, her thin face on the pillow, when I come in from school.

"We talked a little, she and I, about old times at home, before either of us had other loves than those of the dear ones then. She said 'I have never been so happy as when we used to "keep store" under the trees and go walking with Father and Mother in the orchard and pasture. Just think, Frank, of the vine all over the house, of the deep well, the evergreens, the pets of all sorts, and the dear old barn!' She is so anxious to go back, and says she shall never get well unless we take her home. Just as soon as she can bear it, Mother will go with her."

As she grew weaker she talked more about God and goodness. All her life she had been one of those people to whom holiness seems natural, a gentle, kind, affectionate girl, full of quiet fun and quiet piety. And now that she came to die she was not afraid; as she said, she was "getting more faith."

Just before she died she gave Frances her message—a message that her sister took and carried round the world—"Tell everybody to be good." They are earnest words, striking in their simplicity; and Frances, who heard them, never forgot them. For all the rest of her life that was her endeavor. She built round them a great organization; she

went to and fro working and speaking and planning and deciding, and everywhere she went, and in whatever she did, this was what she tried to teach; and she did not lay down the work until the day when she, in her turn, would never get well unless she was taken home.

Mary died on the 8th of June, 1862, and Frances was overwhelmed by the grief of it. Almost all their lives they had been together; they had shared their earliest escapades, their longings for knowledge, their thoughts, their religion, and their friends. And now one of them was gone, and the other could hardly believe it.

"*June* 8, 1862.—Mary is dead. I write the sentence—stop and look at it—do not know what it means. For God is merciful, and the awful truth of my desolation does not shut down close around me all the time. . . ."

The next year she was able to write about her sister, but for the moment the sorrow was too great. They could none of them bear to stay on in the place where Mary had lived, and therefore a few weeks later they all separated. Oliver married, and went far away to Denver, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. Willard went back to Janesville, and Frank be-

came "Preceptress of Natural Sciences" at the Northwestern Female College.

"*Aug.* 21.—O dear; I don't know what it is that I would like to say. I am crowded with feeling, and it was never before so plain to me that I am without power of expression. *Mary didn't get well*—that is the keynote to all my thoughts. I was so sure she would. I refused to think it possible that she could die. . . . This has crushed out all other feelings, except a vague sense of incompleteness, of wanting some one, something—a reaching out toward the future life almost with yearning."

"*Aug.* 29.—On Monday I move on to my Alma Mater, the Northwestern Female College. I am elected Preceptress of Natural Sciences. Very humbly and sincerely I pray to God that I may be good over there, and do good. I was wild and wicked as a pupil; in the same building may I be consistent and a Christian as a teacher. The last days are passing in this broken home. Life changes so. . . . I am afraid that Mary's death will kill my mother."

Just a year later Mr. and Mrs. Willard came back to Evanston, and lived at "Swampscot" again; and it was there that Frank wrote her first and best book, a little memoir of her sister, "Nineteen Beautiful Years." It is very charming, and tells very simply of the life of a very charming girl. As she said in the Introduction:—

"The Life of Mary Willard has been written lovingly: for the hand which has traced its lines is the same that all through childhood held her chubby little fingers, as two sisters took their woodland rambles, or went along the shady path to school. And the story is—of how she lived among us with love and cheeriness; how she was eager to grow wise; how she tried to be of use, and to make it a happy thing for others that she lived; how she grew very spiritual, very 'meet for angels' company'; how Christ came for her one beautiful June morning, and she went away with Him."

Later, when Frances was an organizer, and a philanthropist, she wrote other books and pamphlets. But they are of a very different kind. Her English had been sadly spoiled by journalism, her ideas were too many for the pages, and her writing hurried and confused. She always had a certain freshness and vigor of expression, but in the later books it must be looked for under an overwhelming sentimentality of words, and amid a confusion of irrelevant matter—irrelevant, that is, to any one not deeply versed in the work and organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They are propaganda books, all of them, even her own autobiography, and her literary talent is not fairly to be judged by them. But this first book, to which

she gave much time and loving care, is quite different. It shows the talent that she might have used. All her life she believed that she might have been a student and a writer of books, and at one time she felt that, if she had her life to live over again, she would do differently, and choose the quiet path. But, later on, her active work seemed the more useful, and she began to see that she had chosen the path for which she was best fitted. "I've given up much in literature and art that seemed necessary once," she wrote on the flyleaf of a book of essays, "but now I think there will be time enough in heaven."

Whether she could ever have been a really great author is doubtful, for her education was very wild and her taste very uncertain. She seemed to rank Whittier and Shakespeare together, and not to know what things she ought not to express. However, it is unfair to judge Frances Willard by the writings of her later years; the real person is to be found deep down within them. Long study and familiarity will show her as she was, even from these books; but a casual reading leads only to misunderstanding.

She knew well enough that her books were faulty.

"Few have learned more thoroughly than I, from the things that they have suffered, that the paths of

true literature are shady and silent. . . . Far from the madding crowd lies the pastoral path of the life I longed for most, and treading whose piney wood aisles I might perhaps have thought out consolations for the fierce fighters of the plain: but with the battle on, and my own place chosen for me at the front, I shall never get beyond 'Notes from the Saddle.'"

Take away from this its wording, and the truth is undeniable. But "Nineteen Beautiful Years" is not, in any sense, a "Note from the Saddle." It gives Mary as she must have been, and the life she led, and "how she grew very spiritual," and in writing and talking of it Frances and her mother at last found consolation in their sorrow.

IV

TEACHING

DURING the year between Mary's death and the writing of "Nineteen Beautiful Years" Frances worked very hard. Mary's death had come upon her with the overwhelming strength of destiny, and it had taken away, for a time, all her interest in her own life. But hard work, and the girls she always loved, gradually comforted her. Her Journal at first is rather sad.

"*Sept.* 7. 1862.—I am reading Peter Bayne's 'Christian Life.' It will help me to prepare to go to Mary. I wish everything might."

"*Sept.* 8.—Went home to dinner. Father and Mother are soon to go away. O Mother! with your sad, sad face, and your black dress! . . . I pray God to show me how I can be most comforting to you, how I can justly fill an only daughter's place."

"*Sept.* 14.—The autumn sunlight is pouring in. I am here, but Mary, who was always with me, where is she? Where is she who was so merry, who knew the people that I knew, who studied the books that I study, who liked 'Bleak House,' who laughed at Micawber and Traddles, and read the *Daily Tribune?*

Where is she who picked up pebbles with me by the lake and ran races with me in the garden? . . . How much a human heart can bear, and how it can adjust itself! Four months ago to-day I thought if Mary died I should be crazed! it made me shiver just to take the thought on my brain's edge, and yet to-day I think of Mary dead just as naturally as I used to think of her alive. Yet God knows how well I loved my sister and how deeply she is mourned."

"*Sept.* 18.—Forest Home is sold. . . . Alas for the changes of the great year of my history, 1862."

She had loved Forest Home very dearly, and now in her unhappiness looked back regretfully to the "autumn days when with hunting-belt, bag, and cross-gun, sabre, luncheon, dog, and sister," she had hunted for plums by the riverside. The sight of "hazel and hickory nuts, and grapes with their purple bloom," always brought back to her instantly "the haze and dreaminess of Indian summer, when heaven seems lying just beyond the boundaries of our sight."

But Forest Home was sold, and her family were to be separated, and she wrote very sadly:—

"I am to lose sight of the old familiar landmarks: old things are passing from me whose love is for old things. I am pushing out all by myself into the wide, wide sea."

"*Oct.* 3.—Have been ill a week since I wrote last. Dear, unforgetful Mother has nursed me up again. It almost paid to be sick to have people so sweet and mindful. . . . Well, I conclude that I can not stand very much, not so much as I supposed. . . . I thought this last week as I lay in bed that perhaps God, seeing how I wonder about that other life, would let me out into it, and it would seem so natural to my sister Mary to have me with her once again."

"*Oct.* 12.—The girls go off to Sunday-school. Miss Clark sits with me and we talk. She gets me to wrap up, and we go to walk in the garden. . . . A little grey cat comes and sits by us. . . . I fall to wondering about the strange Being who made the little cat . . . and I wonder what God thinks as He sees this world that He has made, and we poor, blind creatures groping along through it. Then I remember that 'God is Love,' and that thought quiets me."

"*Jan.* 1. 1863.—'Abraham Lincoln has fulfilled the pledge, the slaves are free'—so said [Prof.] Jones to-night coming down late to tea, and on the instant all the girls clapped their hands so heartily that it was fine to see and hear them; and far down in my heart something stirred, some chord was struck that gave out music. How much there was to think about just then! Our girls sitting there, so well kept as they are, so good-looking, so happy and contented, with the thought in their heads that four millions of wretched beings became this day constitutionally free, and the feeling in their hearts of what a gift this freedom is to a human soul. It was a thing that thrilled me beyond my power to tell. The future rises before

me misty, dark, moist, like an advancing wave. Steadily I march toward it, there is no help, and God is in it, God who manages affairs.

"F.E.W., why do [you] plan to go on teaching ad infinitum, now here, now there, and then some other where? Why do you content yourself with such a hedged-up life . . .? There is no need of it. You have abilities for something beyond this. Do you know that sometimes as you help arrange the room, or take your solitary walks, you think of splendid paragraphs that you never write out,—idle creature that you are? . . . Stir yourself: be determined to write books, if you please. Be intent upon it. God thinks it right to have ambitions: you are on earth, now deal with the earthly. 'Feel the victory in you,' that is your Father's phrase . . . It is nonsense to think you can not do it while you are teaching."

Frances was really too unhappy to stay on at Evanston. Everything reminded her of her sister, and of the pleasant home life that had come to an end, and in January her friends urged her to go away. They found a post for her at the Pittsburg Female College, and within a week after the suggestion was made she was in Pennsylvania.

She was tired and listless, and found the work hard at first, and that reading did not interest her, nor anything but prayer. But gradually her health came back, and her courage. She was haunted all

the year by the thought of death, but nevertheless she tried to prepare herself for a more useful life, and worked and read and thought with a new earnestness.

She seemed definitely now to have left childish things behind, and her diaries for the next few years, though less full, are far more serious than any of the earlier ones. She made friends, of course, with all the people in the Pittsburg Female College. It seemed her invariable good fortune that wherever she went she made friends; but this was not so much due to good fortune as to her nature. She always wanted to like people, always expected to find them nice, and always treated strangers as if they were friends; and in consequence each of her friends could testify: "I don't know a person that doesn't like her."

During the six months that she spent at Pittsburg Frances for the first time came out of the curiously good and sheltered Methodist world in which she had lived. She met different kinds of people, went to the theatre for the first time, and to concerts and the opera; she saw new pictures and read new books, and went to new churches, and all these things fired her imagination and filled her with a longing to travel. As she phrased it in her

Western unexpectedness: "Europe became part of my life program."

At this time she also heard John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer. The crowd that went to hear him was very great, and almost frightened her by its size, for she was not yet used to great meetings. She felt herself a very insignificant part of that vast audience, and the distance between her and the lecturer "seemed like an abyss." The subject had no very special interest for her then, and this lecture was only a part of her general awakening.

The delight with which she realized that all these things meant intellectual development is very characteristic of the middle West; and the energy with which she followed up every clue, and seized upon every chance to grow educated was very characteristic of Miss Willard herself. She believed that one should "enter every open door," that there was no more reason to be afraid of the step ahead than of the step behind; and so with almost indiscriminate energy she rushed on towards "culture," and her love of life came back to her. One of her friends wrote to her, at this time, a comment on her character that remained true as long as she lived: "Frank, you have the hungriest soul

I ever saw in a human being. It will *never* be satisfied."

Her Journals tell the story of her own development:—

"*Jan.* 26. '63.—I'm glad I came here. I am to like it, I know. By-and-by I am to have sweet friends here: and I am to learn much that is new and good. I am to see a new side of life—indeed, I have already."

"*Jan.* 29.—I'm going to hear the 'Sage of Concord' [Emerson] lecture on Tuesday evening. That's an advantage I get by coming off here. I can see some of the men who have pleased and taught me by the fireside at home—whose sweet, wise words I've heard my sister Mary read in her pure young voice . . . O Life, Life!

"Think of a man's career! Of his broader sphere than ours. Is it not so? In all this week I have not stepped my foot outside this house. Have been *just here*. Yet I've been well, and able to go out. What would a healthy man have thought of such confinement? *I'll extend my sphere some day!* I don't complain—I hope I don't. Only, sitting here, I thought about it all."

"*Feb.* 2.—When will my little rôle be acted, and I dismissed by the Manager? I hope the soul doesn't sleep."

"*Feb.* 10.—Just received the kindest of letters from my dear Father and Mother. This passage, quoted by Mother, seems to me, tired and ill as I am, like a voice from the Heavens:—

"'To be spiritually minded is Life and Peace.'"

"*Feb.* 15.—One year ago to-day Mr. F. and I formally severed our engagement. I told him not to think there was no darkness in the path I was going to tread, or that I saw no light in the one from which I turned away. Has there not been darkness this year? . . . [He] would have sheltered and strengthened me! If it were to do again I would act as before. Yet why does not God let me love and be loved by some one who can help me? I'm not happy. I had much better own it."

"*Feb.* 16.—To-day I feel more hopeful. I am disposed to make the best of things—to learn to grow all I can. . . . To this end I rose 'with the lark' this morning, and read Cleveland's 'English Literature of the Nineteenth Century' until prayers. . . . I have a new hunger for the loaves and fishes of a fortunate winter."

"*Feb.* 18.—Pittsburg shall yield me profit, if not pleasure. . . . I read a good deal and learn ever so many new things every day. . . . I get so hungry *to know things.* . . . I'll teach these girls as well as possible. They haven't much love of learning, poor young things. . . . I wouldn't be a child again on any account, with my starved and 'horrible little soul.'"

"*Feb.* 21.—Not as carelessly happy as I was at Evanston I must confess myself—but more taught—improving quite rapidly I think. It will pay—no matter if I am sometimes forlorn."

"*Feb.* 25.—I'm getting out into the world a little, and find it a place where one must have courage, strength, patience and intelligence."

"(*Extract from Mrs. Willard's letter.*)

"'It seems a long time since we said good-bye at the gate. But I long ago decided that whatever is best for my children is for me best, so I am glad that you went away, if you are glad.'

"Dear Mother! Her love and mindfulness have never failed me! I am as sure to have them as I am to have the sunshine, air to breathe, or God's mercy exercised toward me."

"*April* 6.—I wish that the amenities of life might concern themselves with me: the scent of flowers, the purple of fruits, the crimson of sunsets—the ripple of waves, the whispers of trees! It is very smoky here.

"Every kind word and friendly deed influence me much—especially since I've lost those who love me best."

"*April* 12.—The days pass tolerably. I don't think that I should say more. Routine is hateful to me: I have learned this of late. I sin against what is best in me when I so surround myself . . . that I would push Time's chariot forward with double speed if it were in my power. The grave is near enough and the future awful enough without my wishing that either should be anticipated in my life. The logic is good—it shall make me say a long good-bye to Pittsburg on the 26th of June."

Here, as everywhere, Frank was popular with the girls and the other teachers. There were "invitations to suppers where oysters and halibut, ice-cream and jelly-cake," were "abundantly dispensed

to the shrivelled, displeased gustatory nerves of schoolmarms," and there were many long talks with her new friends on the meaning of life.

Carlyle had great fascination for her at this time, and she read all his books, and puzzled over what he meant, and the problem of existence. She had learned to accept death, and in some sense to understand it; but life and the meaning of it seemed to hover just beyond the reach of her thoughts.

"The open secret fascinates me. Sometimes it looms up misty and awful for a moment, but when I fairly look it has disappeared unread. . . . Oh, if I could but see! Two afternoons ago I was upon the street. . . . Just as I passed a forge where a blackened man was working, a lady crossed the street ahead of me. The instant that I looked at her a hint of the Open Secret of the Universe flashed through me, taking my breath. It went again an instant after—I cannot tell what it was. But the vastness of it weighed me down. Are we to read it in this life, I wonder? . . . We may talk of it, long for it—learn its alphabet, perhaps. . . . But oh, of late it is almost always in my thoughts: it winds itself with every reverie of Mary. *Mary knows.*"

"*May* 5. *Evening.*—Sitting in my room. What is it, I wonder, that I keep wanting to say? It never comes to my lips nor to the point of my pen. I am almost sure that God does not mean that I shall say it while I live on earth. It stirs in every pulse:

it lies back of every true thought I have, but it has never yet been said . . . it lives on in my heart unsaid—even in my prayers unsaid."

"*May* 29.—[This] incident stirred my heart and taught me that I am not fossilizing.

"Yesterday on the street cars . . . several negroes [were] opposite us. A man in the blue uniform signalled the car. He came limping up. Eagerly the driver helped him on the platform. One of the negroes, a very black and noble-looking young fellow, sprang forward and motioned him to his seat. . . . The tears came rushing to my eyes as the poor negro man turned toward the soldier. . . . The negroes know right well for what this war is waging."

"*June* 16.—Pittsburg is in a ferment. Two thousand men working on fortifications: Gen. Lee's army is said to be approaching: martial law to be declared: trains from the South forbidden to come to the city, etc. Miss D. is very much alarmed. The girls are depressed, especially those living to the southward. But I'm not troubled a bit . . . it's quite exciting though. There are so many false alarms that it doesn't do to receive all we hear as Gospel on any subject."

Throughout these Journals there is strangely little mention of the war. It was a thing so far away and so unimaginable that it made little difference in the lives of the Northerners, except at times of special excitement, when the news of defeats, or victories, would set all the country shouting. It seems, of course, as if past history must always have been

more strange and thrilling at the time than present history is to-day; and it is interesting to have proof of how remote a thing General Lee's army seemed to a school-teacher in Pennsylvania.

In July Frances went back to Evanston, and found the life there lonely and hard to bear. Most of her friends had married, or had left the place. Oliver had gone, and Mary was dead, and it seemed impossible to build up again the old, happy existence. Mr. and Mrs. Willard were sad, their affairs were going badly, and they were none of them very happy. But Frances would not allow herself to give up.

"*July.*—Life is rather queer, but it pays, for all. I want to be good and get ready for something better than I've yet seen in the way of animated existence."

She read a great deal, and found great pleasure in books, and sometimes they took "all the harm out of life for awhile." She also wrote a good deal that summer. Her literary ambitions were at their height; she sent articles to magazines and papers, wrote essays and began novels and stories, and wrote and finished "Nineteen Beautiful Years." Some of these articles and stories still exist, scrawled in copybooks in faded ink and careless writing.

They show an extraordinary amount of talent, a freshness and daring that give to some of the phrases a real literary quality. The subjects are commonplace enough, and the words often sentimental, but the whole effect is rather unexpectedly charming. Her mother and father encouraged her work, and her friends all approved.

"Fowler is the same friend, kind and helpful as he was always, advising me as to my literary pursuits, and encouraging me by his faith that I shall have success. He is doing nobly as a minister, exceeding even our hopes. In a few weeks he is to publish a book refuting Colenso on the Pentateuch. Poor fellow! He looks worn and tired."

In October she went to New York to attend to the publishing of "Nineteen Beautiful Years," which had been accepted by Harper Bros. This excursion was, of course, a time of bewildered happiness.

"My visit [to New York] has been delightful, though my pitiful, mysterious dazedness has inconvenienced me more than I will attempt to tell."

While she was in New York she stayed with Bishop Foster's family, whom she had known when they lived in Evanston. To them she read her

manuscript—nervous, of course, and timid but full of loving admiration for her sister, and hoping that they might see Mary's worth through her own imperfect descriptions. She could not keep from crying as she read, nor could her hearers keep from crying as they listened—even the Bishop hid his face in his hands; and Frances was glad of their sympathy. To publish a first book, and especially one so full of most intimate beliefs and feelings, would be to most people an anxiety, a thing of hesitations and embarrassments. But to Frances it was quite simple. "For myself I liked the world, believed it friendly, and could see no reason why I might not confide in it." It was this spirit that made friends for her everywhere, that made every one ready to confide in her, and that gave her such marvellous power as a leader.

But as yet she was only an unknown teacher, publishing her first book, seeing New York for the first time, full of curiosity about everything.

From New York she went on to Boston and to Philadelphia, exploring the big cities of the East.

"*Boston, Oct.* 19.—What is the use of writing when one sees so much!"

"*Philadelphia, Dec.* 7.—Have seen a great deal, learned, written letters, corrected proofs. Can not

express a life that has little undercurrent. Wish I were good. Think I'm thankful."

From Philadelphia she went to Vermont, to visit her father's brothers and sisters. The very strict, quiet community she found there greatly distressed her; she admired the honesty and the goodness of their way of life, but was grieved at their "near horizon." "I'm sure God meant beauty to be enjoyed," she wrote, "and did not mean us to lead such thwarted lives." Her own horizon was widening, and she wished she could share with every one the keen joy of discovering the world.

In January, 1864, she went back to Pittsburg to teach again for several months. While there she formed the wild, adventurous plan of going to Stuttgart as assistant to one of the other teachers who was opening a school there. But her father "was so scandalized by my boldness" that she gave up the idea, and came back to Evanston. But she was full of restless ambitions, and wanted to branch out in any new direction.

"If iron custom had left me free to choose my line of life, I should have been either an architect or an orator," she wrote, little thinking how famous an orator she was yet to become.

And again:—

"If it be ambitious to have no fear of failure in any undertaking, to that I must plead guilty.

"No one could persuade me to become a professor of mathematics or of domestic economy, but outside of these and what they imply, I can think of no helpful calling that I would not undertake, and there is none that would render me anxious."

She would have liked to be a minister, a journalist, a missionary, a politician, or an author; she wanted to join the Sanitary Commissions, or to go South to teach the Negroes—and she undoubtedly had capacity for all of these careers. However, she resigned herself to being a teacher, and undertook the Grove School in Evanston in the winter of 1865.

It was while she was teaching in this school that Frances made friends with Miss Kate Jackson, who became her companion in her travels in Europe and her great friend all her life. Miss Jackson had been a teacher in the South until the war broke out, and had then come to live in Evanston. During this winter Mr. Willard sold "Swampscot," and built and moved into "Rest Cottage," which was to be Frank's home for the remainder of her life, the centre from which she was to start out for her work and to which she was to come back to rest. It is now almost a place of pilgrimage—kept still just

as it was when Mrs. Willard lived there, and when Frances came and went. But its pictures, its books, and its memories are chiefly of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union work, and it does not recall much of the days before that work began. However, its "parlor," its "yard," and its "rocking-chairs," and a suggestion of simplicity and cordiality and democracy that pervade the place are all typical of the provincial progressiveness of the middle West; and the trees that surround it, brought from Forest Home, are, as Frances said, her father's best monument.

In the spring of 1866 Miss Willard had her first experience of philanthropic organization. The Garrett Biblical Institute was in need of money, and the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association was formed to raise it. Of this Association Miss Willard was made corresponding secretary, and for it she worked for several months.

An appeal was sent out to Methodist women all over the country, and for the first time Frank was plunged into the voluminous correspondence and the bewildering details of a philanthropist's work.

But in this year the Willards lost some of their money, and it became necessary for her to give up this work and to teach again. She secured a

post in the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, a co-educational school at Lima, New York, and Miss Kate Jackson went there with her in September.

Her Journal shows her to have been quite happy during these months:—

"*Oct.* 6. 1866.—Girls, girls, girls! Questions upon questions. Dear me, it is no small undertaking to be elder sister to the whole 180 of them. . . . They treat me beautifully, and I think I reciprocate."

"*Oct.* 24.—Prepared to talk to my girls about room-keeping. This is my hobby. I believe, whatever I can not do, I *can* make a home attractive."

"*Oct.* 29.—I went down to a political mass meeting addressed by Horace Greeley. Here was American politics manifested by a crowd of yeomanry with bands and such mottoes as 'Down with the One Man Power,' 'Congress Must and Shall be Sustained,' 'Andy Johnson Swinging Around the Circle.' This motley throng surged to and fro, nearly taking us off our feet."

"*Nov.* 26.—Girls are ten times as quick as boys. In rhetoric the last do wretchedly. I should think they would take hold and study for very shame."

"*Nov.* 28.—Went down town in the rain to see about my new dress, bonnet, etc. These evils of a lady's life are very irksome to me, yet quite inevitable."

At this school, as at all the others, she was very successful. There was something vivid about her that influenced the girls, and one of her students has

described how they would all cluster around her, listening to her conversation and her unexpected turns of phrase, and how they would go to her for advice and help on every subject, and how they all looked upon her as their friend and companion.

The other teachers liked her, too, and felt her influence. All the schools in which she taught became, for the time being, less conventional, less formal. The scholars would take their turns at "quizzing" the teachers, and would write questions on the blackboard for them to answer. Good conduct became a competitive game, with a Bank of Charter to issue rewards, and in this game the teachers took their part; everything in the daily routine that could be made interesting became so; essays ceased to be asked for on spring and the advantages of town versus country life, but turned on the students' own careers, or on politics. She lent her books to the girls, and shared her ambitions with them, and they loved her weekly sermons and even her scoldings.

There is no doubt that her experience as a teacher helped her in her later work. She learned to know so many people, to judge what would rouse or influence them, and how to appeal to their best natures; and it was this intimate knowledge of the

good in human nature that made her such a successful and such an idolized leader of women.

At the end of the year the head of the college urged her to speak before the united societies at Commencement. He said there was no reason why a woman should not do this, and that she was by far the best person to do it. But Frances refused. "Such beatitude is not for a woman, and I could not face the grim visage of public prejudice." This was in 1867. Not quite four years later she made her first public speech in Chicago before a large mixed audience. "So goes the world," she says characteristically in her autobiography; *"it is always better and broader farther on."*

In the spring of this year, 1867, Mr. Willard fell ill of a rapid consumption such as Mary had had. They went in September to Churchville, his early home, and he stayed there to be nursed by his wife and his sister, while Frances secured another post as a teacher in order to earn the money that the family now needed. But just as she had started she received a letter from her mother that made her feel it was her duty to stay with them. When a thing seemed right to Frances Willard all was simple enough, for she did it at once without question. Now she turned back, before even she had reached

her school, and stayed with her father until he died.

It was a sad and difficult duty, for the nursing was very hard, and Frances was quite unfitted to undertake the cares and housework that were her task. But she managed to keep up her interest in reading, and even found time to go on with her writing, though her nights were sleepless and her days full of care.

"*Jan.* 1868.—I watched from one o'clock till five this morning and am nervous and distraught. How far from choice are my present surroundings, circumstances and occupations! Yet I know I am doing my duty, and what better or more valuable effort could I make? Some day my turn will come to be blighted in body and soul, and mysteriously withdrawn into unknown worlds. . . ."

"*Jan.* 9.—How this watching sets my nerves on edge, and I *can't* help it; I sat up again from midnight till nearly morning. For the first time I said in my heart that in my sober judgment life did not pay."

On the 24th Josiah Willard died, and Frank and her mother and Miss Jackson went sadly back to Evanston. There they lived very quietly until the spring. Their money was nearly all gone, and they had many worries. Oliver was not doing well, and the world probably seemed rather a serious place to

Frances. She was now twenty-eight, and had been teaching for nine years, and there was no prospect before her but to go on teaching for the rest of her life. Mary's death had made an indelible impression upon her, and her father's illness and the long months of nursing she had just passed through had brought home to her more than ever the uncertainty of life. There must have been at this time a blank in the scheme of things, a dreariness in the prospect ahead, and a sadness in the prospect behind that were depressing.

There was just one thing that could fill this blank and cheer this prospect, a thing for which Frances had often longed, yet which she hardly dared to expect: and this one thing her friend Kate Jackson was able to provide—a trip to Europe. To an American from the middle West, Europe stood for "culture," and for all that was romantic. To go to historic places, hear foreign languages, and see great cathedrals was, fifty years ago, at once the wildest adventure and the most sacred privilege. In itself it was education, and to have been to Europe was to have understood all that the Past contained: America held the Future, Europe the Past, and to know both was to know the World. To Frances all this was true; again and again she

had listened eagerly to tales of foreign travel; she had sat at the feet of those who had made the great pilgrimages, and had looked reverently at their trophies and photographs. Every foolish stick or stone that came across the Atlantic had its own value and its own magic. Paris, Rome, London—each had in her imagination its distinctive charm; each had been dreamed of and studied while she taught her Western scholars, but the thought of seeing them was far away and mysterious. And now, just at the moment when the world seemed empty and blank, this chance came to her, changing the whole face of things.

Miss Jackson had plenty of money, and Frances did not hesitate to go with her because she herself had none. Mr. Jackson, Kate's father, wrote approving the plan, saying that he had long wanted his daughter to go to Europe, and was glad to find in Frances the right person to go with her. And so the glorious adventure was planned, and the little family at Evanston fell into a great bustle of preparation.

Frank's interest in everything revived again. She secured a chance as European correspondent of one of the Chicago papers, and began to read books on art. She and Kate talked French together and

planned their route again and again. The friction of life was negligible now that this great prospect was before them. They went to lectures again, and reverted to the eager state of longing for improvement.

As their departure came nearer the preparations increased. Clothes had to be bought, and trunks packed. Rest Cottage had to be made ready for tenants, and Mrs. Willard taken to Appleton, Wisconsin, where she was to stay with Oliver and his family. Then Frank and Kate came back to Evanston, said good-bye to their friends and started off, first to Washington for a little foretaste of sightseeing, and then to New York, and so farther forward across the Atlantic to the great adventure of their lives.

V

EUROPE

MISS WILLARD and Miss Jackson stayed abroad nearly two years and a half. They were indefatigable sightseers, and worked their way steadily through the capitals of Europe. They went to Russia, Palestine, Egypt, and Greece, and were always unwilling to turn back from their journeys, and always eager to learn more and to see more.

During all this time Frances kept her Journals very faithfully, and they still exist, in twenty miscellaneous volumes, written in the hurried writing of a traveller. Very curious reading these twenty volumes make, with their mixture of ignorance and enthusiasm and shrewdness, and they give a complete picture of the American tourist of 1868. Pages and pages, of course, are filled with admiration of sights, other pages with the ludicrous or troublesome misfortunes common to all travellers, also with long descriptions of their companions and complaints of their inertia, and other pages still

with longings for home and the news that came in home letters. In all this they are like twenty volumes of any other tourist seeing pictures and famous places for the first time; but what is individual about them, and so interesting, is the "teachable" enthusiasm of their author, and the strong determination she had to see every possible thing she could, and to see them all truly. But she was no snobbish traveller, and was not ashamed of mistaking caviare for blackberries, nor of admitting that she liked *table d'hôte* "because of the opportunity of seeing a large company of cultivated people at their best!"

The background of Evanston, and its phraseology, contrasts curiously with the Œcumenical Council and the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War; but this interest, after all, was a general one. Any American of that date must have watched the Republican movements in France and in Prussia, and felt his patriotism strengthened by the sight of "the effete monarchies of Europe."

Almost every traveller reads "Othello" in Venice and "Romeo and Juliet" in Verona, and thrills at the sound of his national anthem played on the fiords of Norway: almost every one is excited at approaching the city of Romulus and

Remus, and any Western schoolmistress might notice "the mysterious flight of just such a flock of birds as must have decided its location." But every traveller is not like Miss Willard. The way she travelled and the quick results that her broadening outlook produced are a very clear indication of her nature, and the Frank that sailed home in 1870 was really different from the Frank that sailed away in 1868. This difference was not just in the application of a little "culture," nor in the acquisition of a little French and Italian, nor in an advance in her knowledge of history and geography. It lay in a real widening of her mind, that gave her a tolerance for differences and a sense of proportion. She had learned to look for the good in *things* as well as in people, and to face the bad in things with all her old determination to put it right, but with a new knowledge of the difficulties of this attempt. The conventional solution of any problem was swept entirely out of her mind; problems must be solved, she still felt, but the way to solve them must be found by experiment and not by rule. She came back from her years of travel more original than she set out, having survived the flood of orthodox travellers' impressions: and though her language is still sentimental, underneath it her meaning

remains perfectly genuine. It seldom gives any true picture of Frances Willard to quote what she has written, but a few extracts taken here and there, from her "individual eye-glancings and brain-workings in foreign lands," will show, to some degree, the lessons she was learning.

"*On board 'City of Paris,' May* 31, 1868.—For the next two or three days I thought and did unutterable things. Sunday is a perfect blank. In it I had just this one thought, 'Let me lie still: let me keep this diaphragm in equipoise.'"

. . . . . .

"*June* 6.—Dear me, I must abridge: I have only got to Monday night, and here I am on Thursday's page! Well, we noticed everything, even to the shape of the chairs and the pattern of the paper at the Queenstown station, talked incessantly, and learned a great deal. . . .

. . . . . .

"Not to go through Europe blindfold one must duly and daily learn his lesson."

. . . . . .

"We travelled 2nd. What nonsense to throw away money on getting one's physique carried about, when it might be turned into books—pictures—longer journeys!"

There were, of course, many things to be met with in Europe that scandalized these good Evans-

ton Methodists, to whom Catholicism seemed wrapped in scarlet robes and theatres were the very gates of hell.

"*July 26*, '68.—Kate and I, in recoil from Parisian levity, fell to reading our dear neglected Bible to each other this morning after our late breakfast, and to talking of the only things that last. For the first time in our lives we heard this morning when we waked the roar of wheels more stunning than on a weekday."

"*Aug.* 21.—For the first time in my life I laid my eyes on a live bit of royalty.

"My ideas of diamonds are fully met.

"For myself I am not a Republican in theory alone. My father's and mother's principles are a part of my constitution, and all human beings, plain or colored, shall receive from me the treatment merited by personal character and achievement."

"*Sept.*—Kate and I are very much stirred up and distressed about our ignorance. How I enjoy *learning* —more even than knowing!"

It is interesting to notice that at this time Miss Willard was not a rigid total abstainer. She and Miss Jackson, through fear of bad water, drank a little wine or beer while they were travelling, though in after years she thought this had been unnecessary.

"*Berlin, Oct.* 30.—My beer muddles my brain."

"*Nov.* 23.—I was so chilled and miserable. . . . Kate conferred with kind Mr. M. who advised two stiff glasses of rum and water, drinking which I escaped all evil consequences and—lived in my own world awhile!"

"*Nov.* 30.—Germany is the purgatory of women and dogs."

In December, 1868, they settled in Paris, where for six months they attended lectures and tried to study French characteristics. In particular they were interested in French women and their position in the state, and their chances for education, and many of the things they learned made them "think regretfully of our home customs in this regard."

They made friends with many of the English and American students, and with a lady "hornless and hoofless, although a woman physician." They also met some of the French leaders of the feminist movement, and their talk and encouragement no doubt helped Frances greatly in the decision to which she was slowly and almost unwillingly coming. Of her talks with these French ladies she writes:—

"Tenses and genders I ignored sublimely, but my earnestness and my infinitives were well received, and I got on famously."

Perhaps the most important thing about this European trip was its connection in Miss Willard's mind with the "woman question." She thought she was abroad to study art, and history, and literature, and to steep herself in civilization: but what was really happening was that she was finding out her own absorbing interest in social reform, and in particular in those aspects of it that relate to women. She and Kate had read John Stuart Mill's speech on the first Woman's Suffrage Bill before they sailed, and they had been very enthusiastic about it then, and their enthusiasm grew with their travels.

Many pages of the Journals are devoted to this subject. Soon Frank had decided to study it in France and England, and when she went home "to talk in public of the matter, and cast myself with what weight or weakness I possess against the only foe of what I conceive to be the justice of the subject, unenlightened public opinion." Sometimes she "felt the victory in her," often she did not. "Always I have dimly felt it to be my vocation," she wrote, "but a constitutional dread of criticism and love (too strong) of approbation have held me back."

"*March* '69.—I have pondered painfully to-day upon the fate of woman *as such,* and left off where I began. 'Now we know but in part.'"

"*April* 23. '69.—What has the future for me? I still ask as doubtfully at twenty-nine as I did at nineteen. When I go home I must take fate in hand. . . .

"My own timidity is so great that I think I shrink from what I believe my true occupation.

. . . . . .

"To be great, to be powerful, to have a nation hanging on one's will—dreams dim and momentary of such a destiny come to me. . . .

"Then to be *good*—that one's single will might be the good angel of millions, that is the supreme dream of my intellect. . . ."

At last it was all settled: on her thirtieth birthday she writes:—

"If I know my own heart (as good people say in class meetings) I was never braver for the future nor half so well prepared in resolution and in intellect to do some service to my fellow-women.

"I can *do* so much more when I go home. I shall have a hold on life, and a fitness for it so much more assured. Perhaps—who knows?—there may be noble, wide-reaching work for me in the steady, mature years that stretch before me, the years of intelligent labor for which we are so long in getting ready—some of us, at least."

But all this while she was not neglecting Paris and its sights:—

"I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. I thank Heaven that I know at least my ignorance, and maintain an intent and *teachable* attitude."

"*Jan.* 10. 1869.—We are much diverted by the velocipedes so common in the Paris streets. A youth followed our omnibus a long distance, looking like a crab running on its hind legs, an object outrageous to the eyes, but getting over the ground in a surprising manner, and managing his curious machine with great skill and as much grace as could be in what is absolutely graceless in itself."

Some of the other things to be seen in the Paris streets, however, she did not find so diverting, and after the Carnival she was even driven to exclaim:—

"I am glad the ocean is so wide. Would it were still more vast, to separate our young and Christian civilization more completely from these old infidel shores."

During this stay in Paris Miss Willard often spent seven hours a day at her writing. She sent many articles back to the American newspapers, and by this work she earned all the money she had at this time; for she would not let Kate do more than pay her travelling expenses. Her articles were

not good, as she herself realized, and the reason was very characteristic:—

"Somehow the zest is gone from composition. When I was twenty it was my highest pleasure—now it is a sort of task. Reading the crispy journals and books of the French has wearied me with my own prolix, vapid style. It seems impossible for me to learn the meaning of the word *condense*. . . . But unhappily or otherwise, *everything interests me* so intensely that it is very difficult not to try, like the imbecile I am, to *tell all*."

In June, 1869, they set off again on their "cannon-ball style of travelling," and rushed through Belgium and Switzerland to Italy.

"I feel oppressively my ignorance of history. Ignorance pays its taxes promptly and to the uttermost farthing.

"I feel giddy and unnatural, but my head stands firm, and I am equal to a good deal yet.

"I am a slave to my determination of getting all I can out of my travels, squeezing the orange."

In this determination they "put their hats upon their reckless heads" and climbed the mountains. They took great interest in Switzerland, then the only Republic in Europe, but in September they pushed on into Italy. There Frances felt she had come to a promised land: nothing in her travels

excited her so much as when at last she reached "the city of Romulus and Remus."

"The platitudes I have recorded concerning other cities seem doubly stupid here," she wrote; and she left the sights undescribed. They stayed in Rome for three months, studying the language and the religion, and watching the gorgeous pageant of the Œcumenical Council. Frances grew more sympathetic towards Catholicism, and even felt "a bending tendency" in St. Peter's!

"It is All Saints' Day, let that be what it will. I wish indeed it were their day in truth, for I think they were an admirable set of men and women for the most part."

This admission, from one brought up as Frank had been, was striking proof of an independent mind. Prejudice against Catholicism was, of course, rife among the various evangelical sects in America. They thought the Church of Rome was the tool of Satan, its priests his emissaries, and its doctrines blasphemous and idolatrous. For the most part only the lower class of people in the middle West were Catholics, people at the bottom of the rigid social scale of a democracy, and this had its effect, inevitably, upon the judgment passed upon

that great institution. Until Frank came to Rome and herself talked with Catholics, she had, of course, accepted all this. But now she found she could see both goodness and beauty where she had thought to find only wickedness and corruption, and she was glad. She still hated forms and ceremonies, and was far from wishing to be a Catholic; and she still hated abuses and the papal power, but her uneducated fears were gone for ever.

It was while they were in Rome that they heard the good news of the adoption of woman suffrage in Wyoming, which, taken with their observation of the very subordinate position of women in Italy, made them more enthusiastic than was quite reasonable about America. "Ah, native land, the world's hope, the Gospel's triumph, the millennium's dawn, are all with thee!"

From Italy they went to Egypt, and from there to the Holy Land—finding in the East still more evidence of the "degradation of women" and its fatal effect upon civilization. Thinking of these things at the foot of the Pyramids, Frances "turned towards the sunset" facing home, and "rode onwards full of thoughts, and hopes, and purposes."

They went through Syria with a company of

Isabel Somerset

Methodist divines, among whom was their old friend, Dr. Bannister. The long daily rides and rough camps at night brought them many adventures and discomforts. "Travelling has its prose side, and I'm glad I had the opportunity of finding it out," Frank wrote cheerfully in her notebook, and then faced the mosquitoes and the weariness with a new courage.

From Palestine to Greece, and from Greece through Vienna to London the travellers hurried.

"Oh, if I were as anxious to be *good* as to be wise: to learn the things of God as I am to study His world and the history of His image, what a happy, happy thing would it be for me."

But at last they got tired of travelling, and began to long for home.

"*May* 12, 1870.—I wish I could leave for home tomorrow. Am glad to hurry up, for what is best in the world I have now seen. . . . For once I can cease my Oliver Twist cry of 'more' and substitute 'enough'! I am desperately sick of sight-seeing as a pursuit, and so anxious to reach Paris and take a long breath that I can hardly restrain my impatience."

From the "opinionated island," therefore, they returned to Paris to spend there their last weeks in

Europe. They arrived just as war was declared, and passed exciting days watching the Paris crowds, hearing the rumors of battle, and concealing their strong sympathy with Germany. They paid their last visits to the Louvre, saw their last play, and then, full of excitement, they sailed for home in August, 1870.

Her mother's letters had been a great comfort to Frances when she was homesick, as she had inevitably been. They came with their steady encouragement, telling her that things went on very quietly at Evanston "except when Destiny swoops down upon us in a birth or death." They told of all the village affairs: of "the split in our church on the question of a new building site," and of "the unfoldings of destiny concerning Clara's brother David, the little boy in the Third Reader class when Frank taught at Harlan," who was now in the express business and going to be married. They told how "as I sit in my room at the desk where you have often sat, I look up to the wall where hang the pictures of my absent girls," and they brought to Frances, far away in Russia or Palestine, the knowledge of her mother's prayers. They gave her an intimate sense of belonging to one corner of the world, and a comfortable knowledge that whatever

might befall her, she could always turn to her home for help and sympathy.

All the incidents of arrival were delightful for these returned exiles. The sight of the pilot boat, the tedious Customs, the very noise and confusion of the New York streets filled them with joy: and as they got nearer home Frank's happiness increased by leaps and bounds, and at last she reached Evanston itself, and Rest Cottage, and Mother.

There for a time she quietly stayed, thinking over what she had learned, writing for the papers, and preparing, with great diffidence, the lectures she had determined to give on Europe and the "woman question." It was at this time that she gave up her Journal, the faithful companion of her daily life. The last entry is on September 28, 1870, written in a bold and elaborate hand.

"This is my thirty-first birthday. I have not lived so long for nothing. Many a 'school' has done its work upon me and been 'graduated' from. Among others that sentimental friend, my Journal, has this day been shaken hands with in a long adieu, and I here record my purpose to write no more wishy-washy pages of personal reminiscence.

"Vale! (*Exit.*)"

VI

THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

UP to this time Miss Willard had shown no outward sign of being in any way a remarkable woman. She had lived the ordinary life of a Western schoolmistress, had written for the papers, had published one book, and travelled in Europe. She had done these things, it is true, with a certain originality, and her thoughts had always been her own, but as yet this was all. Almost immediately after she came home, however, she rose, as it seemed, as high as she could hope to rise. She reached the top of her profession, and became the first woman president of a college in the United States, when she was only thirty-one years old. But even this is not sufficient proof of her greatness. There have been many women presidents of colleges since 1871, and many as successful as she was, but there has never been another leader like her. It was, however, a very important part of her career, and a preparation for her real work, and the first four years that followed her return from Europe

were perhaps the most dramatic of her whole life. They began, however, quietly enough, with gardening and housework and the tacking down of carpets.

Mrs. Willard, Kate Jackson, and Frank settled down at Rest Cottage in September, and decided to keep no servant because they wanted to be alone. They talked their travels over and over again, and Frances, true to the resolutions she had made in Paris, prepared a series of lectures on the women of different countries, which she gave before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The fame of these "talks" spread through the brotherly Methodist world of Chicago, and presently there came an unknown caller asking Frank to speak in the Centenary Church, and promising her money and an audience. She accepted at once, and a few weeks later found herself introduced by her old friend, Mr. Fowler, and speaking in his church for an hour and a half on the subject of "The New Chivalry." The new chivalry, of course, meant women's rights, but, in spite of the unpopularity of the subject, the lecture had great success. "The largest part of my life," she said, in introducing the difficult controversial part of her speech, "has been spent in the service of girls. I claim to have coaxed and reproved, caressed and scolded, corrected the

compositions and read the love-letters of more girls than almost any other schoolma'am in the Northwest. . . . Let me, then, invoke your patience while together we review the argument from real life which has placed me on the affirmative side of the tremendous 'woman question.'"

She would probably have gone on making speeches, and taken up the profession of a public lecturer—at that time a very profitable one in America—had not what seemed then a wider opportunity come her way.

Her mother describes the simple, unexpected fashion in which it happened:—

"One day when F. was busy nailing down the stair carpet, Mrs. Kidder, whose husband was then leading professor in the Theological Seminary, came from her home across the street, and taking a seat on the stairs, said: 'Frank, I am amazed at you. Let some one else tack down carpets, and do you take charge of the new college.' 'Very well,' answered Frank, 'I shall be glad to do so. I was only waiting to be asked.'"

In consequence she became, in February, 1871, President of the Evanston College for Ladies. But the college did not yet exist: it was, as she said, all dreams and no dollars, and her first business was to

build the college over which she was to preside, and to collect the students she was to teach.

The Northwestern Female College, at which she had herself been taught, had been until this time the private enterprise of Professor William P. Jones. It had been in no way connected with the University, and was in reality hardly more than a boarding-school. In this year a committee of Evanston ladies decided to start another woman's college, which should have a woman president and women on its board of trustees, and which should, if possible, be connected with the University. At the same time Dr. E. O. Haven was chosen president of the latter, a post which he accepted only on condition that women should be freely admitted to all University privileges. The way then grew clear, and after many legal and financial arrangements, it was decided that Professor Jones's college and the new college should unite to form a woman's branch of the University, whose students should be under the direction of their own president and staff, but free to attend all lectures. The woman's college was also to provide special courses, such as music and home industries, which the girls could attend if they chose, and any degrees given by the college were to be ratified by the University.

All this took much planning, and Frank was very busy that spring, inventing a college after her own heart. Dr. Haven helped her in everything, consulted her, advised her, and then left her perfectly free, and finally they drew up their scheme for co-education and prepared to put it to the test.

But it was not only schemes for her college that Frank had to build; the college itself needed building. She went about a good deal, therefore, making public speeches on the education of women, begging for money, and she had the audacity to "pre-empt the Fourth of July in favor of the girls of the Northwest." This meant that on that day the college campus became a large picnic-ground, to which came every one who wanted to help the fortunes of the college, to hear the speeches and give to the collections, and also, incidentally, to enjoy a celebration in which fireworks had no part.

The faculty were successful in their plans, and in September, 1871, the college started, though not yet in its new buildings: the girls had come, the doors of the University were open, and for a year Frank experimented as she liked with education. Dr. Haven furthered all her schemes, approving of them, and they all worked well. They sound very

curious now, those schemes of the new principal, for they show an ideal of education quite different from that which has won academic sanction. The Northwestern University itself had ideals very different from those that prevail in England. It aimed, as American education seems generally to have aimed, at imparting quantities of information upon many subjects. It did not encourage specialization, but insisted that each student should know something of everything. It was a thoroughly democratic education, not only because the students were of all kinds, and were treated equally, but also in that the subjects they studied were all kinds, and were likewise treated equally. But, strange though these ideals may seem to have been, from the point of view of learning and scholarship, those that Miss Willard proposed for her girls were even more strange. They depended chiefly upon morals and the building up of a good Christian character, and they estimated neatness and manners subjects as academic as Greek or chemistry.

The girls, according to her plans, were to be under a "responsible home government." They were to be guarded and yet trusted, and she hoped that they would love and confide in their teachers, and be guided by them in all the aspects of their develop-

ment. One of the students wrote of her years afterwards as follows:—

"Her power over the girls who came under her influence was most extraordinary. But she never used her personal power of winning friends for the mere purpose of gaining the friends. She never seemed to do anything from policy, nor to think whether she was popular or not. She was always planning for our happiness and welfare, and would go to any amount of trouble to gratify us. Then she was always reasonable . . . and perfectly willing to see and acknowledge it if she herself were in the wrong. . . . She succeeded in inspiring her girls with a keen sense of moral responsibility and a high ideal of what they could become. 'What are you going to be in the world?' and 'What are you going to do?' were her constantly recurring questions."

Without the inspiration of Frances Willard's own personality, and the freshness of her interpretation of things, all these schemes might seem rather unenlightened. But prizes for courtesy, rolls of honor, and self-governed students all became genuine and exciting under her vivid touch, and the girls upon whom she tried her experiments responded eagerly, and longed to be what she wished them to be, and to learn what she wanted them to learn. No doubt there was great need for the motherly system

she adopted. "The young ladies shall do as they please so long as they please to do right," she said; but nevertheless she watched, and had to watch, very carefully over their first steps in the difficult paths of co-education. Every one was observing the experiment, and many people were shaking their heads. The mothers were anxious for their young daughters, the University boys doubtful of the advantage of sharing their privileges, the girls both thoughtless and self-conscious. The whole thing might easily have turned to failure and disappointment. But success lay in Frank's hands. She took the girls into her confidence, told them of all the doubts and difficulties that lay around them, and put them on their honor. They responded enthusiastically, and brought their own difficulties in return for her decision. Many points of etiquette had to be settled then for all succeeding generations. Were the girls to be allowed to join in the literary and debating societies, for instance? and could the young men escort them home? Some said they should not join the societies lest "some one of them might prevent a young man from having as frequent an opportunity to speak as he otherwise would." Others felt they might join, but must walk home unescorted. Frank and her girls talked all these questions over,

and decided as best they could; and the girls were loyal to the decisions. Praise was a great part of her system, and seems often to have been deserved by these early students, and the year 1871 passed most successfully. It was the year, however, of the great Chicago fire, that for the time crippled the wealth of the Northwest, and reduced the college to poverty. But this did not daunt Miss Willard, and with the splendid courage of the time she set about re-raising her fund, even as Chicago itself was rebuilt, out of the ruins of what was destroyed. So long as there were peace and harmony within, and her girls were learning and growing into the good, capable women she dreamed they should be, no outside misfortune could dismay their principal.

But the next year there came a change. Dr. Haven became secretary to the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Rev. Charles H. Fowler took his place as president of the University. Then followed two years of struggle and unhappiness for Miss Willard, and it is not difficult to see how they came about. The same trouble that had separated Frank and Charlie Fowler when they were young and in love with each other came between them now, when they were both older and successful in life. If Fowler had been set

in his ways as a young man, with how much more justification was he now dictatorial! And if Frank had been open-minded and experimental then, and the years had only increased this tendency, now as dean of the women's college she felt she had the right to be open-minded and experimental in her own way and without interference. They both meant to do their best for the University, but their ways were different, and the friction that was the result disappointed and discouraged them both.

There is no doubt that the Rev. Charles H. Fowler was in many ways a remarkable man. His views were exceedingly progressive, and he had all the determination necessary to carry them out, but his temperament was stern and uncompromising. He came to the University with as great a desire to succeed in the co-educational experiment as had Frances. His views were the same as hers, and, even as she did, he believed in the freedom of women. When she had gone to Lima he had written to her, "Have you not some brave possibility of work for woman suffrage with your pen? It is to be *the question* of your prime and mine." And at that time he had been more radical than she. But he was one of those reformers who go by rule. He

was not ready to experiment, nor to follow the development of things.

At this point in the progress of her schemes Miss Willard felt that continuity was essential. She hoped that the plan that had worked so well in the first year might be continued—namely, that the girls should be under the entire control of the Woman's College, and under the supervision of its faculty. This meant that they would obey the regulations drawn up by her, without regard to what changes and regulations might or might not be imposed on the boys. But Fowler's plan was different. Equality was their ultimate aim, and therefore the girls should at once be placed on exactly the same footing as the boys, and so long as their work was up to the University standard, the University should pay attention to nothing else. Thus if any girl did not wish to take lessons in penmanship—one of the regulations of the Woman's College—she need not do so: and if she did not wish to spend twenty minutes by herself daily she need not do this either, and still she could be "in good standing" in the University. With this divided authority things at once went wrong, and after much trouble, the Woman's College was again changed, and became actually a part of the University,

under the same faculty and board of trustees. Frank was made dean and Professor of Æsthetics in the University at a salary of $2,400, and Fowler's plan was given a trial. All the regulations were taken away, and the whole tone was changed, as Frank sadly felt. The girls for the most part stood by her, for they loved her, and Fowler saw the strange sight of "a college full of girls crying for rules like a housekeeper for sapolio," and a college full of boys taking the opposite side and clamoring for equal rights for all!

With such an unnatural state of things it is no wonder that the plan did not work. The divided authority was not the only difficulty she had to face. Fowler was president of the University, and had won in the contest between his methods and hers, and he was now in a position to push his victory home. This he did not hesitate to do, and in a hundred small ways Miss Willard now found herself thwarted. She had had prayers in the mornings until now, and talked to the girls of the ideals of life. Now this task was taken out of her hands, and she had to sit by in silence. Trouble after trouble of this sort arose, and Frank, unable to settle them in her own way, felt a growing sense of futility and of wasted effort. "The world is wide,"

she felt, "and I will not waste my life in friction when it could be turned into momentum." She therefore gave up her position as dean and severed her connection with the University.

But this was no easy thing to do. The position was one for which all her previous work had fitted her, in which she knew she could have been successful. It was almost an ideal position for her, and meant an assured income for life, with work she loved and her mother and friends near at hand. Without it she had no money and no prospect but to go back to dreary little schools again. She herself described this decision as "the greatest sacrifice my life has ever known or can know"; and yet, once clearly seen to be right, she carried it through without hesitation.

Her last "faculty meeting" was on June 16, 1874. She had dreaded the ordeal. She had told very few of her intention, but gave in her resignation and then turned away to her own room to bear all the bitterness of it. It was the day of the President's reception, and as she sat in her room she heard all the people coming and going; night came and she saw the lights and heard the music and the voices of the guests, and an intolerable sense of injustice came to her. She had tried so hard, and

meant so well. And she had succeeded so well too, until Fowler had come and changed everything. And there he was, triumphant and secure, receiving his guests within a few steps of where she sat in her misery. The college had been so dear to her; it had seemed her life work; she had built it up, brick by brick, and had loved it and watched over its development. She had loved the girls, and her colleagues who had stood by her, and it seemed as if she could not let it all go. Now she must go back to uncertainty; she must leave her mother again, and leave Evanston, and break off her career just when it seemed at the height of success. For a time she felt the sacrifice too great. Her companions, alarmed by the violence of the grief that would not die down, went in the early gray of the morning to fetch Mrs. Willard, who knew that "her own home and her own folks" were what Frank needed: but before her mother reached her, resignation had come, and she had said "The Lord alone shall lead me, and the world is wide." But it had been a night of anguish, and had taught her much about human suffering and disappointment.

Her resignation made, of course, a great sensation in Evanston. Many people took her side, and felt that she had been badly treated: but she herself

would not think so. In that first night of bitterness she faced the thought, and conquered it, and from that time she judged her own case with a fairness and a generosity that are almost too wonderful to be believed. It does not seem as if there could have been a human person who would not have resented what she had been forced to go through, or who would not at least have clung to the comforting theory that she had been in the right. But Miss Willard did neither of these things, and of all the admirable deeds of her life, this is the greatest. She not only forgave President Fowler, freely and completely, but she went back to ask his pardon; and not only this, but when she came to think his theories right, she published her changed opinions. It needed courage to do these things, and simplicity of mind, and also a love of truth and great humility of soul, and these things were part of Frances Willard's nature.

Forgiveness came first. A few months after her resignation she attended a Bible Reading in Chicago which led her to think she ought not to live in a state of enmity with Fowler. She told her difficulties to the preacher and asked his advice —and then took it!

"There is but one thing to do, my friend," he

told her. "Take the morning train for Evanston and see each and all between whom and yourself there is the faintest cloud, and without asking them to make any acknowledgment whatever, freely pour out in their ears your own acknowledgment, with the assurance of your affectionate goodwill." This she did the next day; she went to the University, where President Fowler had himself been conducting a revival service. When it was over she waited in the dark chapel until he came out of the vestry, and then she went up to him and asked his pardon for all that had been her fault in their difficulties and disagreements. President Fowler was touched and moved. "To one who comes as magnanimously as you have done I surely cannot say less than that I beg your pardon," was his answer, and from that day they were on friendly terms again.

"Nor do I know," she wrote, "nor ever mean to know in this or any world, a reason why any human being should hesitate to speak to me with cordiality and kindness, or why any middle wall of partition should exist between my spirit and any other human spirit that God has made."

But, after all, President Fowler had been in the right: that is, perhaps, the strangest part of the whole episode. His views had been broader and

wider, and they were the views that have prevailed: and Miss Willard, because she was truthful-minded, found it out. Fifteen years later, when she wrote her autobiography, she acknowledged it. She had come to believe that the boys and the girls in a co-educational college, as in the world, should be treated equally—but she added, that though they should be all on the same plane, this should be done by lifting the plane on which the boys stood. And from this turning-point in her career she went out to "lift the plane on which the boys stood," for it was in the next winter that she began her temperance work.

VII

THE CRUSADE AND THE BEGINNING OF TEMPERANCE WORK

MISS WILLARD resigned in June, 1874, when she was nearly thirty-five years old. It then seemed as if she was giving up her career and throwing away her success; but the truth was that she had not as yet discovered her career, nor imagined the success she was to have. It was not long, however, before she found her work, and when once she had found it, she clung to it without wavering. She recognized it as her life work, her true vocation, and it brought her the secret of happiness.

The Willards had always been temperance people. Josiah Willard had joined the Washingtonian Temperance Society as early as 1835, and had told Frances as a child about Neal Dow and the prohibition laws in Maine. She had grown up in a family and in a community in which total abstinence was taken for granted. Evanston was a prohibition village from the first (made so by the charter of the

University), and until she went to Europe Frances had never sat at a table on which there were wine-glasses. All this had made the idea of total abstinence familiar, but slightly dull. Of course it was wicked to drink, she felt, but the question was not one over which to grow enthusiastic, and it was not until the Crusade came to Chicago that she felt any "call" to the work.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Crusade was one of the most remarkable events in the surprising history of American national issues. It was entirely unexpected, and came sweeping over the middle states with the violence of a prairie fire, and, like a fire, it burned away the old order of things, and made room for a new order to grow. It was, in many respects, a pathetic and even a ridiculous Crusade. The women who joined in it were so sheltered, and they came out with such simple-minded fervor. But it was undoubtedly a most important moral movement, though it is sometimes hard to remember this serious value in the face of the simplicity of its actors.

It began almost by accident. Dr. Dio Lewis, a travelling lecturer from Boston, spoke in the little town of Hillsboro, Ohio, on December 22, 1873, on the subject of "Our Girls." Being snowbound,

he was forced to spend another night there, and was persuaded to lecture on Temperance. In this lecture he suggested that the women in the town should go to the saloon-keepers and beg them not to sell "spirituous liquors." Something in the audience, or in the earnestness of the lecturer, made it all seem real and possible, so that when he called for volunteers, most of the women present rose to their feet. From that moment nothing could have stopped them. Timid ladies, who had never thought of speaking in public, rose up and prayed aloud. White-haired women led the bands out into the streets, and the wives of the "prominent citizens" followed them. All kinds of women joined the Crusade; wives and mothers of drunkards came sobbing to the meetings, school-teachers, foreigners, servants, grandmothers, who said they were "of no use except to go along and cry," rich and poor, old and young, all marched out together singing, "Give to the winds your fears," and going boldly into the worst places, until the town seemed to be "given over into the hands of God and the women."

Thus the women of Hillsboro went out in their simplicity to persuade the saloon-keepers "in a spirit of Christian love, and for the sake of humanity, and their own souls' sake, to quit the hateful

soul-destroying business"; and thus the saloon-keepers, in their surprise, were persuaded. One after another they signed the pledge and closed their stores, and poured their "poison" into the gutters, until within a week there was no more drink sold openly in the whole town. Encouraged by this remarkable success, the women of all the towns roundabout began to follow their example, and the revival spread in every direction until "saloon-keepers had been prayed out of town after town." Temperance became, throughout the western and middle western states, a familiar subject of discussion, and the "Whisky Power" began to be frightened. Ohio and Illinois seemed to be "going dry." Pennsylvania and even New York were swept by the revival, and everywhere, from Maine to Oregon, the women began to work. Day after day they went out, tramping from saloon to saloon. Often they were treated politely, often they were shut out and abused; in the big towns they were mobbed in the streets and sometimes imprisoned. But whatever happened they "forgot everything but God," and went steadily on with their work.

They sang their Crusade hymns to the John Brown battle tunes, and began for the first time to learn something of the depravity and wickedness of

the cities in which they lived. And it was this learning, and not the uncertain conversions they effected, that made the Crusade an important moral movement. Its value was not that they drove out drink and "pointed sinners to Jesus," for often the drink came back in a few months, and the sinners forgot they were saved; but the value was this, that the women remembered the lessons of the Crusade, and taught them to their daughters.

There is something very touching now in the thought of these innocent, well-meaning women. They were so unworldly! Their credulity was almost as great as was their ignorance of history and political economy. They seemed to combine bewildering faith in the impossible with hard common sense. They had intense religious fervor, and a grotesque sense of humor, and the result of it all makes a picture at which it is only too easy to laugh, and in laughing to miss the real significance of what happened.

It must have been very strange to see the lines of women marching out from the churches into the snowy streets, singing their gentle hymns to war-like tunes; and strange to watch them halt before the saloons and kneel on the pavement to weep and "pray for the soul of the proprietor, that he might

see the error of his ways." And it must have been stranger still when these proprietors surrendered and rolled out their barrels into the street to pour the "poison" into the gutter, confessing their sins with tears, while the church bells rang, and the women wept for joy, and the roughs scooped up the rum-soaked snow, and cursed the praying women.

But to those who saw the Crusade there came no temptation to laugh nor even to wonder. The evil against which the women were so innocently singing and praying was, and is, too serious and too real. Moreover, in America at that date it did not seem by any means impossible that sin should be driven out of a city by a revival, and kept out of human nature by the grace of God, and it was in the hope of this that many thousands of the most intelligent women joined in the work. There came, of course, no radical change anywhere but in the women. But there it was radical enough, and from this strange beginning has grown most of the organized philanthropic work of women in the United States. They learned that work was needed, and, though they did not yet know how to do it, they came to see that such work did not lie outside their sphere; and that was the greatest result ever left in a community by a few months of emotional revival.

The Crusade had this same effect upon Miss Willard. It reached Chicago in March, 1874, while she was still dean of the Woman's College. The women of the churches were stirred to activity, and went in a procession to the courthouse, and on their way were met by a hostile mob and only just saved from attack. Frances read of all this in the morning papers, and was greatly roused. She came out at once for "everybody's war," and longed to be able to join in it thoroughly. She went in to Chicago to see what she could do, and spoke at three or four of the fervent meetings held there; but she was too busy to do much, with her lecturing and her difficulties. "To serve such a cause would be utterly thrilling," she wrote at that time, "if only I had more time, if I were more free." Her interest did not die down, however, because she could not join the Crusade. As she tells in her autobiography, it then occurred to her, strange to say for the first time, that she could work for the good cause *just where she was*. "Thus," she says, "I first received the *arrest of thought* concerning which in a thousand different towns I have since tried to speak."

Just where she was, therefore, Frances began her temperance work, and the students of that year went out to spread her first teachings far and wide.

Three months later she had left her work and was free, and then at once she looked for an entrance into the temperance movement. She went East to see the leaders, and to Old Orchard, Maine, where was held the first Gospel Temperance Camp Meeting in August, 1874. And then, in a Portland hotel, came what seemed a direct inspiration and leading to the work. Her friends were all advising her to accept some one of the many offers to teach that came to her; temperance work paid least, they told her, and she could not afford to be a philanthropist. This advice was worrying her a good deal, for perhaps it was true, she felt, and perhaps it was her duty to find some safe means of support for her mother and herself. They had nothing but Rest Cottage, which Mrs. Willard owned, and Oliver was not in a position to help them. Frank was therefore seriously doubting whether it would be right for her to accept this strange new call that appealed to her so strongly. It was at this time of doubt that she opened the Bible lying upon the hotel bureau at this verse (Ps. xxxvii. 3): "Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

This settled the question for her. She would "trust in the Lord and do good," and the Lord

would provide. She therefore refused all the offers that came, and stayed on in the East, learning what she could about the movement and waiting quietly until the way should open before her.

The Crusade was nearly over, and the movement that was growing up in its place was the "sober second thought." The women who had led it determined to form an association that should carry on permanently this work that so greatly needed doing, and during this summer they were taking, at Old Orchard and elsewhere, their first steps in organization. A few local societies were formed, and a national society was planned, and in all this Miss Willard took her share. She talked with the leaders and planned in her own mind how the work might grow and develop, and prayed and waited until her special work should come. It came while she was in Cambridge, Mass.

On the same day she received two letters, one offering her the head mistress-ship of a fashionable boarding-school at a salary of $2,400 and the other begging her to be president of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at no salary at all.

"I was sitting at my sewing work to-day," this letter ran, "pondering the future of our young

temperance association . . . and it has come to me, as I believe from the Lord, that you ought to be our president. We are a little band, without money or experience, but with strong faith."

Here was the open door, and Frank entered it without hesitation, and set off at once for Chicago. On her way she stopped in Pittsburg, to visit her friends at the Female College, and it was then that she had her only experience of crusading. The excitement was nearly spent, but still lingered on in some of the larger towns, and Frances was anxious to see it if she could, and to have her share, however small, in the great inspiration that it had been to the workers.

They went out peacefully and without attracting much notice, found the saloon they sought, and knelt quietly on the pavement before it, praying; then they were admitted, and knelt on the sanded floor, and Frank prayed aloud. It was all new to her, and the sights and smells of the place, the barrels and glasses, and the unwashed faces of the roughs, moved her strongly. The world took on a new light; what few conventions and timidities she had had, and the fear of public opinion, all passed away for ever, and she rose from her knees in that public-house with a new realization of what this

work was to which she was called. Their visit had no particular effect, and the saloon did not close; but Frances went on to Chicago with a new consecration and a greater faith to take up her life's work.

Miss Willard's first years in Chicago read like a story of adventure. She flung herself into the work with all her energy, and she thought of nothing else. It was all very exciting, for it was all so new; the whole of Chicago lay before her, almost untouched. Very few people cared for temperance, since the Crusade had made little headway in so large a town, and it was Frank's task to find the workers, plan the work, and develop and organize the whole thing. She brought to the task the same energy and inventiveness she had brought to the planning of her college, and she inspired her fellow-workers with the same enthusiasm her girls had felt.

It was then that she first met Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, the woman who was afterwards to plan and urge the ambitious scheme of the Woman's Temple. Their schemes were small enough then, but they seemed very great, and were certainly ambitious. They dared to take a dingy little office, in which one or two women met to plan their campaigns; they

toiled up many flights of stairs to interview editors and printers, and they worked untiringly, and the society soon began to grow and to flourish.

All this while, however, Frank would take no money. She was determined to be led of God only, and to live by faith. All she had to live on was an occasional collection taken at some small meeting at which she spoke, which sometimes came to as much as $7, and she was often too poor to take a street car, and too poor even to buy enough to eat. But she did not mind these things, and her mother bravely tried the experiment with her. They would not tell Kate Jackson of their difficulties, lest she should insist on helping them. "I am just simply going to pray, to work, and to trust God," Frank said, and in this thought she was happy.

It was, perhaps, the happiest time of all her life. The simplicity of her poverty, and the satisfaction of her trust in God, must have given her life real serenity. She was absorbed in the work, she believed in it with passionate enthusiasm, and it was growing and succeeding; she had left her troubles and difficulties behind her, and was now at last on her Master's business. And with all this there was the new understanding of humanity that her poverty brought her. Every day she saw more and more

clearly what life was like for the people among whom she worked, and this knowledge brought to her, as it brought to St. Francis of Assisi, a great and abiding love. She really did not trouble when she was hungry; she did not trouble when she was tired, for her spirit was free. And this experience, as she often said, was not only the happiest but by far the greatest of her life.

But, of course, it could not last. This world is not meant for people who can completely disregard it, and Frances found that she must come back to ordinary life. In the first place she very naturally fell ill, and went back to Evanston to be with her mother. From her she learned a lesson in common sense.

"You do not need a doctor," her mother told her, "if you are going by faith. Now I want you to listen to me. I believe in faith as much as you do, but you have flown in the face of Providence. Those good women spoke to you about maintenance on the very day they chose you president. That was your heavenly Father's kind provision, and you turned away from it and dictated to Him the method of His care. . . . God isn't going to start loaves of bread flying down chimneys, nor set the fire going in my stove without fuel. I shall soon see the

bottom of my flour-barrel and coal-bin. You are out at elbows, down at the heel, and down sick, too. Now write to those temperance ladies a plain statement of facts and tell them that you have made the discovery that God works by means, and they may help you if they like."

This was all quite undeniable, and Frank accepted it. She wrote that same night, and her fellow-workers cried over the letter in executive committee; and, of course, they sent her money at once, and gave her a fixed salary, and then the experiment was over. But she came back reluctantly to a safe and secure life. While she had been without a cent in the world she had known that she owned Chicago—that she was free of it all. The world had nothing to give her and nothing to take away, and the understanding of this possibility changed everything for her. She had found for herself, and tried for herself, the Franciscan ideals, and they had given her a true spirit of love and a true freedom of soul. And also they had made her into a philanthropist because she loved mankind and not because she loved a theory.

The work she did at this time was largely the personal work of a speaker and reformer. She had not yet begun organization on a large scale, but

she was learning what the work was that she was afterwards so successfully to help others to do, and trying by her own experiments what sort of meetings and prayers and plans were most effective for individual cases of drunkenness. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was only just organized, and its first national convention was held in November of that year, 1874, at Cleveland, Ohio. To this convention Miss Willard went as a delegate from Illinois, and there, as she met the other workers and joined in processions and prayer-meetings, she felt a great sense of exaltation. "I seemed to see the end from the beginning," she said, "and when one has done that nothing can discourage or daunt."

It must indeed have been a remarkable gathering. The women who had led the Crusade were there, all filled with enthusiasm and the sense of union and consecration. They had never held conventions before, and knew nothing of formalities and rules of procedure.[1] They could not in those early days make speeches: they just got up and talked a little, and held each other's hands and

[1] Miss Willard helped them out of a serious difficulty when she suggested that "the way to resume" after a luncheon interval "is just to resume"!

prayed, and believed that their way of conducting business was the breath of a new dispensation. Mother Stewart was there, and Mrs. Judge Thompson, the leader of the first Hillsboro band of Crusaders; Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster, Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Governor Wallace, Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, the first president, and many others of the early leaders came. To these older women Frances was a revelation of the possibilities of all women. They saw in her the coming of their future success, and when it was over they all went back to their local work with the blessing of a hope greater than they had dared to expect. They had all come to share her feeling, that they could see the end from the beginning, and they were eager to advance.

Miss Willard was made corresponding secretary of the national society at this first meeting, and wrote for it a resolution full of the spirit of goodness in which they were all undertaking their work.

"Recognizing that our cause is, and will be, combated by mighty, determined, and relentless forces, we will, trusting in Him who is the Prince of Peace, meet argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, denunciations with kindness, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer."

This resolution they carried unanimously, and it is one very characteristic of their simplicity. It was what they really meant to do, and in the main what they did do, and the goodness and simplicity of it express the good and simple spirit in which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized.

After the convention Miss Willard came back to Chicago to go on with the local work. She was already beginning to find the truth of the text that she was so abundantly to verify in her later years, Luke xviii. 29, 30: "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

In a little notebook, which she kept at this time, she recorded some of her impressions, and they show clearly how well satisfied she was with her life:—

"*Dec.* 1874.—Came back to the city from my evening temperance meeting; almost froze getting from Lake Shore depot to my office—did freeze indeed. No women in the streets, everything stark and dead. Found Mrs. F. J. B. and faithful Sister W. trying to help three poor fellows who had come in, learning their stories and trying to do them good. We have

more cases, histories, crises, and calamitous distress revealed to us than could be told in an octavo. Verily we are in real work. How good it is to watch the men grow clean and shaved and brightened. . . . My Gospel talks are in demand to an extent that surprises me. . . . If I were fit for it how this work would enthrall my heart as no other ever could. . . . Engagements crowd upon me for temperance but still more for evangelical talks. . . .

"Our daily Gospel meetings in airless, sunless Lower Farwell Hall grow constantly in interest; the place is two-thirds full of men who never go to church, and who are deep in sin. . . . Signing the pledge and seeking the Lord behind the pledge are constant factors.

"Didn't go to Conversazione on Oriental and Greek Thought. I cannot serve my intellect at the expense of my Master, and our church prayer-meeting comes at the same hour. . . . When Brother X. wrote me that offer to be editor of a New York temperance paper, it didn't stir my soul a bit, but this little Gospel meeting, where wicked men have wept and prayed and said they would see Jesus—it thrills me through and through!

"Went to hear Nathan Sheppard on George Eliot. Don't believe I'll ever attend another literary lecture. It was keen, brilliant, flinty as flint, cold as an icicle.

"Dr. X. discourages me what she can in my work and says 'a cheaper woman would do it just as well.' Is it then cheap work to be God's instrument in delivering men from voluntary insanity? to bring them back to themselves?"

"Going up Broadway one dingy morning, alone in an omnibus and with a long drive before me, I thought, as I observed the crowd of working-people coming along the streets, 'How shall I think of them? They are an object-lesson set before me for an hour, what shall I learn?' . . . And then a voice from loftier regions said, 'Look into their faces with a prayer.' That changed all. The scene was now most holy, and as the crowd passed along . . . my heart lifted up in this one prayer, 'God, bless the crowd. Christ, save the crowd.'

"For me, my hands are over-running full of Christian work, and that's enough."

VIII

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE AND REVIVAL WORK IN BOSTON

THE summer of 1875 Frances spent at Ocean Grove, with Mrs. Wittenmeyer, the president, who then wrote the history of the Woman's Temperance Crusade, and together they planned extensions of the work. During the next winter she worked in Chicago again, but began to speak in different parts of the country. These meetings were curiously experimental, and more like prayer-meetings than anything else. Frances was not yet an orator, though she had already wonderful enthusiasm and a charm that carried her audiences with her. She was still learning, and finding out her powers and her beliefs. The people who came to hear her were learning, too; they were a little afraid of a woman speaker—there were still very few of them in those days—and they were a little afraid of the subject of temperance. But if they came to scoff they stayed to pray; and if they came to learn they were led, by Miss Willard's

persuasive words, to stay to work and organize and lead. She told in later years a very amusing story of the spirit in which one of these new recruits joined the movement.

"I had spoken before an afternoon audience in a village of Delaware. It was in my earlier work, and I probably did not make my points as clear as I ought, for an old lady, to whom the membership card was handed, took the proffered pencil and mused audibly as follows: 'She wants me to join this society, and I have no idea in the world what they intend to do. But I suppose it will be a good deal as it is when I take my lantern of a dark night to go to a prayer-meeting —I can see but one step ahead, and I take that, and when I have done so the lantern is there, and I am there, and we can just go on and take another.' So her name went down upon the card, and she handed it back, saying, still to herself, 'If the Lord has got any temperance work for me to do, He's going to give me light to do it by.'"

It was while she was doing this work, speaking to very timid and conservative audiences, and surrounded by restraining and modifying influences, that she found the second of the three great convictions of her life. The first had led to her work for temperance, and the second seemed for a time as if it would destroy her usefulness as a temperance worker. It came upon her with overwhelming force

while she was on a trip through Ohio that she must work for woman suffrage.

She had always been a suffragist—had been born one, as she said, but it had not seemed her imperative duty to work for this part of the woman's movement until now. She had seen Lucy Stone, and had heard her speak, as a girl, and had met and made friends with Susan B. Anthony soon after her return from Europe. She had known Mrs. Livermore and others of the pioneer suffragists, and had admired them, but she had not felt it was her duty to be one of them herself. But suddenly this duty came upon her, while she knelt alone at prayer one Sunday morning, and it came with such force and clearness that she could not resist it. "While alone on my knees one Sabbath, in the capital of the Crusade state, as I lifted my heart to God, crying, 'What wouldst Thou have me to do?' there was borne in upon my mind, as I believe from loftier regions, this declaration, 'You are to speak for woman's ballot as a weapon for protection for her home.' Then, for the first and only time in my life, there flashed through my brain a complete line of arguments and illustrations." She wrote at once to Mrs. Wittenmeyer, asking leave to speak before the next Convention on the "Home Protection Ballot,"

but this was refused her. Suffrage was too advanced and radical a thing, connected in those days with too much ridicule and scorn, a thing unwomanly and unscriptural, and to touch it was contamination. For a short time Frances waited, and was patient. But presently, as she said, "My soul had come to 'Woe is me if I proclaim not this gospel'": the conviction must be uttered and the thing faced.

She spoke her faith before the Woman's Congress at Philadelphia, but her first stand within the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was made at Dixon, Illinois, at a small state convention in 1875. She was alone in her determination to speak on the subject, and it was so great a thing that even she was frightened. Timidly she brought forward a suffrage resolution, and sat waiting in painful anxiety during the utter silence in which it was received. Some one sternly moved that it be laid on the table and another anxious pause followed: then unexpectedly they took it up, and the debate started. Frances rose with such an ache in her heart and her throat that she could hardly speak to tell them of this conviction that had come to her from God. She asked the women of the prairies, if they did not speak out, who would, since the

East was bound by custom and the West untouched by knowledge? She begged them to claim this power for the protection of their homes, and she moved them as she herself was moved. They carried her bold and dangerous resolution and dispersed to think of the dreadful step that they had taken.

After this first attempt Frances knew that her way was clear. She saw that the time had come when the thing could be uttered boldly and the truth believed, and so she waited no longer. Welcome or not, the words must come, and at the national convention at Newark, New Jersey, in 1876, she brought forward her resolution again, and made her first really important suffrage speech. To make it at such a place she had to disregard the earnest and tearful pleading of her friends and to face the opposition of almost all her colleagues. Some of them believed in it, many of them did not, but all agreed as to the unwisdom of introducing so dangerous a question into their deliberations. But Frank was never one to be cautious, and she felt that the time had come. "Somebody's got to be shot at, and it might as well be me," she said, in opening her argument, and then she spoke out boldly.

All round her her friends looked sadly surprised. They did not want to be convinced: they hated such radical things. Many of them were only just led up to the point of attending a meeting and doing a little quiet praying for a public movement: and here was this earnest speaker saying things with which they could not disagree, charming them with her way of putting these things, impressing them with her sincerity, and driving them unwillingly into the camp they hated and feared! One of these women, quiet and gray-haired, sat silently listening all through the speech, and when it was over and the people were going away, she suddenly burst into bitter crying. With the spirit of friendliness that pervaded the Conventions, Hannah Whitall Smith went up and put her arm around her to console her, and asked her to tell the trouble and be comforted. But the poor convert could not be comforted. "Frances Willard has just convinced me," she sobbed, "that I ought to want to vote, and I *don't want to!*" Nothing could help her. She was convinced, and could not escape it, and she didn't want it, and could not escape that, and so there was no comfort to be given her. Another one, who had held aloof from suffragists through fears as to their orthodoxy, now felt it her duty to join

them. She told of her struggle as follows:—

"I asked God to gather up my prejudices as a bundle and lay them aside. They remained tangible and tough, but I laid them aside. . . . It came after nights of waking and weeping, for I felt the dear Lord was preparing me for something, and He did not want me to be burdened with that bundle. Now, in Methodist parlance, 'my way grows brighter and brighter.'"

It was the same way with most of the women. "You might have been a leader," they whispered to Frances on the platform, "but now you'll be only a scout." Yet in a few years she was their leader, they had made woman suffrage part of their official programme, and her "arrest of thought" had come to them all.

Sooner or later it must have come to them, even if Miss Willard had not led the way, for this belief is the natural consequence of any attempt on the part of women to put the world right; but she led them to it in the early days, and hurried them on the way, and in this she did the suffrage cause a great service. She did this because she was fearless, and did not stop to count the cost and tremble at the dangers, because she was brave to face whatever came, and above all, because she was right. And the result of it was that she became their

leader. At first it meant loss of friends and loss of power: for the social ostracism of a suffragist, the suspicions that attached to her, and the flavor of wickedness that clung to her skirts were serious things in those days; but in her case it did not last long, and in three years they had elected her president.

The first winter after her suffrage speech she began to do more evangelical work. Dwight L. Moody was at that time holding great revivals all over the United States, and was in Chicago in December. Miss Willard spoke at some of his meetings and attended them all, and was greatly impressed with his power and his gentleness. Then in January he asked her to work for him. Their business interview, as described by Miss Willard, was a curious one.

"Brother Moody asked me to call at the Brevoort House. He stood on the rug in front of a blazing grate in his private parlor, and abruptly said to me, 'Good morning. What was that trouble you and Dr. Fowler had in the University at Evanston?'

"I was not a little 'set back,' as the phrase is, but replied: 'Dr. Fowler has the will of a Napoleon, I have the will of a Queen Elizabeth; when an irresistible force meets an immovable object something has to give way.'

"He said, 'Humph,' and changed the theme. 'Will you go with me to Boston and help in the women's meetings?' he asked.

"'I think I should be glad to do so, but would like to talk with my mother,' was my answer.

"'What are your means of support?' was his next question.

"'I have none except as the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union pays my current expenses, and in leaving its work for yours I should have none at all,' I said.

"'Let's pray about it!' concluded Brother Moody, falling upon his knees."

Mrs. Willard approved of the plan, advising Frances once again to enter every open door, and so it was settled. The temperance people agreed that she should go, and do from Boston what she could do of their work, and find her place ready for her if she decided to return. For a few weeks, therefore, she studied the Bible, and then went to Boston for three very arduous months. She still carried on her temperance correspondence, and held, besides, a great many meetings in the suburbs in order to make money, and this doubling of her work was a very great strain upon her. Brother Moody put a stop to it, as she tells:—

"One day as I was about to open my noon meeting in Berkeley Street Church, Mr. Moody came running

up the pulpit steps, for his own meeting was waiting, and said: 'I see by the papers that you're talking temperance all around the suburbs. Why do you do that? I want all there is of you for the Boston meeting.'

"'It is because I haven't any money and must go out and earn some,' I replied.

"'You don't mean that I've given you nothing?' he said, striking his forehead.

"'Of course you've given me nothing,' I replied with mildness.

"'Who paid your way from Chicago?'

"'I did.'

"'Didn't those fellows,' naming some of his immediate friends, 'send you money for travelling expenses as I told them to?'

"'I guess they forgot it.'

"'Well, I never heard the like!' And he was off like a shot.

"That evening as I was going into my meeting he thrust a generous check into my hand, saying, 'Don't you go beating about in the suburbs any more.'"

It was indeed time she stopped, for she was holding one huge prayer-meeting daily, besides a Bible class and an inquiry meeting, and she often spoke at Moody's meetings as well.

In this evangelistic work she was very successful, and she loved it. She began to dream of a life spent in helping people in this way, and of the

good she could do to all the causes she had at heart. Mr. Moody was a very broad-minded man in all matters but religion, and he encouraged her to preach temperance and suffrage as well as the Gospel at her meetings. She felt that her power of working for these things was enormously increased by her connection with him, for she knew that in this way she reached thousands of people who would come to no other kind of meeting.

It was just the sort of work she loved best. The expressiveness of it, the lack of all reserves and barriers, exactly suited her sympathetic nature. She always tried to say all that was in her heart, and in the atmosphere of a revival meeting she found many to respond. Her own faith was so true and so broad that she drew people towards the religious comfort she held out to them. She had a wonderful power of drawing new meanings from familiar texts. Religion under her teaching came to be a thing for daily help and daily enjoyment, and her success as a revivalist was so marked that Moody wanted her to go on working with him. But this she could not do, for she found his views of a Christian's duty too narrow for her acceptance. An incident occurred while she was in Boston which proved this to her. She was asked to speak

at a Temperance Convention presided over by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, then president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and she accepted the invitation. But Moody held earnestly that she ought not to appear on the same platform with one who denied the divinity of Christ, as Mrs. Livermore did, and she deferred to his judgment, at the time, from a desire to go on with his work. But when the meetings were over, and she had gone back to Chicago, she thought the matter over again, and found she could not accept these views.

"For myself I only knew that, liberal as he was towards me in all other things, tolerant of my ways and manners, generous in his views upon the woman question, devotedly conscientious and true, Brother Moody's Scripture interpretations concerning tolerance were too literal for me: the jacket was too strait, I could not wear it! . . . The more I study the subject, the more I fail to see that it is for us to decide who shall work in this cause side by side with us, and who shall not. I cannot judge how the hearts of earnest, pure, prayerful women may appear in God's clear sight, nor just when their loyalty to Christ has reached the necessary degree."

Feeling this, she gave up the work, though her friends again told her she had made the "mistake

of a lifetime," and urged her to overlook this small difference of opinion. But that sort of compromise was one she never could make, for she felt sure that "nobody is half himself who does not work in accordance with his highest convictions," and so she turned her back upon this open door, and returned to the temperance work.

It was while she was in Boston, working with Moody, that she first met Anna Gordon, who was to be her constant helper and companion in all her after-work, and without whose practical care she could not have travelled the many thousands of miles nor done the many thousands of things that lay before her.

They first met at one of her noonday meetings, at which, unexpectedly, the organist had failed to appear. Frances, with the "confidence in folks" she always felt, turned to her audience and asked for a volunteer, and Miss Gordon responded. From that time they were friends, and when Frank went back to the West Miss Gordon had decided to devote her life to the temperance cause.

She became Miss Willard's secretary, and in the years that followed she travelled everywhere with her and shared her work and her troubles. She lived with her in her rare days of rest at home,

shared all her interests and pleasures, cared for her and nursed her, made her engagements, and planned her journeys. She also organized the "Loyal Temperance Legion," and was Miss Willard's most indefatigable helper in all her work.

After she left Moody, Frances had a free year. She resigned her position as corresponding secretary to the National W. C. T. U., refused to be nominated for president, and spent the winter of 1877 as a private worker. She undertook a course of speeches for a lecture bureau, but found that work too difficult and unsatisfactory. "To be exploited all over the country, with as little regard for your comfort as if you were a codfish or a keg of nails, with journeys at small hours to make the next engagement, with long waits at side stations and junction depots like no other earthly thing," and then at the end to find a "human snowbank of folks," coldly and critically waiting for their money's worth, was not the sort of work that seemed to her best worth doing. Then, too, she got into difficulties with her managers because she refused to take more than $25 for a lecture, and when this was known, they could not get their usual share of profits. "A philanthropist cannot afford to make money," she said, and she was determined

never to be rich. "Nobody shall ever bring that reproach upon me, no matter how else I fail." She therefore abandoned her lecturing, and went back to quiet temperance work in Chicago.

She kept her resolution never to be rich, and received from the Society no salary at all until 1886, when they voted to give her $2,250 a year. Later they tried to give her more, but Frances would accept an increase of only $1,250, saying that was enough for her needs. In the last years of her life some of her friends gave her money with which to travel and to rest, and the national society raised a fund to give her on her fiftieth birthday. But Frances could not keep money. She gave it away instantly to people who were in trouble, or to the temperance work, and paid little attention to her own needs.

The next year, 1878, was spent in preparing a great petition in Illinois, asking for local option and that women should be allowed to vote on this particular issue. The work was interesting, and even pleasant, though it had at that time no result, and Frances thoroughly enjoyed it.

"Rest Cottage was like a ragbag by reason of the petitions stacked everywhere. My dear old mother took turns with Anna Gordon ironing the

Big Petition smooth as a shirtfront. I used to take my little tin dinner-pail, as of old in district school days, and go over to the Illinois State House every morning, some kind ladies being there with their sewing to stay with me, and we thus kept house for weeks." It really must have been great fun for them, with their home-like devices and their unwavering enthusiasm, thus to lay siege to politics, and they were upheld by the knowledge that their cause was advancing on all sides, and that none of their work was thrown away.

In this year, 1878, Oliver Willard died. He was a genial and lovable man, and at this time very religious. For many years, however, he had been a source of great anxiety to his family, for he had left the ministry and lost his money and his health. But a year or two before he had pulled himself up, had taken the editorship of a Chicago paper, and had been once more a comfort to his mother and a support to his wife and children. And now, quite suddenly, he died. Frances was away in Michigan when the news reached her, and with the characteristic sharing of all she had, whether joy or sorrow, she went on to her meeting and told the people all about it, while they cried together, praying and talking of the heavenly life. They went with her

to the train, and had a sort of prayer-meeting on the platform. "They stood there with their sorrowful but kindly faces, those dear new friends in Christ Jesus, and sang 'Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,' until I went."

When she reached Rest Cottage her mother met her on the steps. "He was the pride and darling of her life, and I had almost feared to see her sorrow. But her face was radiant, and she said, 'Praise Heaven with me. I've grown gray praying for my son, and now your brother Oliver is safe with God.'"

It was in this spirit that Mrs. Willard met all the troubles of her life, and it was this that earned for her the title by which the temperance women loved to call her, "Saint Courageous."

Oliver's widow, Frank's early friend, Mary Bannister, then came with her four children to live in Evanston next door to Rest Cottage, and Frank in her many journeys now knew that she did not leave her mother alone.

These journeys crowded upon her, and during the next ten years she travelled almost continually, spending hardly three weeks in the year at home, for it was in the next autumn, 1879, that she became president of the Woman's Christian Tem-

perance Union. Before that time she had a few months of new work, an experience of business life that was not pleasant. She and her sister-in-law, Mary B. Willard, took over the editorship of Oliver's paper, which was then on the verge of failure, and tried for some months to carry it to success. For a short time they tried "so to tell the world's story to-day that the world may be happier to-morrow." They would not take advertisements of spirituous liquors, they would not report things of which they disapproved, and as the paper was already running at a loss, it is not strange that the venture soon ended in disaster. They then went back only too gladly to the work they knew, among the people they understood, and for the cause they loved the best.

IX

ORGANIZATION AND PROHIBITION

AS soon as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union emerged from the very early days of religious revival there sprang up in it, as in all other societies, two opposing elements, the progressives and the conservatives. These two factions worked for a while very harmoniously together, for the progressives did not want to go far and the conservatives were still at the starting-point. But in Miss Willard the progressives soon found a leader, and one who was determined to go both fast and far, and her election was the triumph of that party. Ever since her suffrage speech in '76 she had been marked out in the society as radical and enterprising, and all her ways confirmed this judgment. She could not touch a new subject without enthusiasm, nor hear of a new scheme without at once wanting to try it. As she said, "When an idea comes, I pull the string of the mental shower-bath, and take the consequences," though in the end she generally rejected proposals that were too wild.

Frances E. Willard

Her attitude of mind was so stimulating that the women who were dimly striving towards a progressive policy felt that in her they would find a leader after their own heart. To one of them this came with all the force of a religious conviction, and though canvassing was held to be a most wicked interference with individual liberty, she could not refrain from doing all in her power to have Miss Willard elected. With the extraordinary directness of those days she placed herself at the entrance of the cloak-room, and there stood to tell every woman that passed in that she had been led of the Lord to tell them that Frances Willard was the right person for their leader! This thorough method had its result, in spite of the horror of the conservatives, who felt that the means had been wrong, that the end was doubtful, and that the woman who had done this deed stood in great need of their charitable prayers.

This election was, in reality, the salvation of the society. It had slowly begun to grow into a body of workers whose chief aim was uniformity, whose local unions were held with too tight a hand, and whose business was done by the most official of committees. Had it gone on in this way it would have had a very different history; but it was not long

before Miss Willard completely changed its methods.

No sooner had she come into power than she introduced her famous "Do Everything" policy, for, as she said, "Any amount of elbow-room is good for folks."

In time this policy thoroughly justified its name, and from the very first it brought about a change in the whole spirit of the society. Every member now was to do what she could, and it was all to be counted; every imaginable kind of work could be undertaken, from cooking to universal peace, and they were all to be part of the movement. Miss Willard had the wisdom to see that in this way she could enlist the greatest number of women in her temperance army. She knew that women were just starting to form organizations for this and that, and were beginning to find out what they could do, and she took advantage of this fact to form them into temperance workers, with their new societies departments of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and their new powers used for this cause. In this way she laid the foundation of the marvellous development of her society. She also reorganized the working machinery. She had all the qualities of a great general, as Susan B. Anthony said

of her, for she never hesitated and was never discouraged by failure. She also possessed that essential quality of a general, the ability to choose her lieutenants, and upon this the success of her method of organization depended.

When she became President, the system of management by committees was in force, and at first she carried on the same plan. But one day, when she was appointing a committee for a certain piece of work, she named first Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith. Before she could go any farther Mrs. Smith spoke from her seat in the hall: "If thee wants anything done, Frances, just put on two other women with me; only let one of them be a permanent invalid and the other always out of town." This turned Miss Willard's attention very forcibly to the subject of organization, and suggested to her the plan which she almost immediately adopted. It was a very simple plan, and one calculated to get things really accomplished. Each department of work was put under the direction of one superintendent, who was held personally responsible for it, and who was free to use her own methods and choose her own helpers. In each state organization the same plan was adopted, so that the national superintendent of every department had

under her one superintendent in each state, and in this way business was enormously simplified. Seeing how well this plan worked, Miss Willard came to the conclusion that "if Noah had appointed a committee the ark would still be on the stocks."

But, of course, the success of such a method depended chiefly on the proper choosing of these superintendents, and it was in this choice that Frank's real genius for leadership showed itself. She not only chose good workers, but she *made* them. There was something about her so inspiring and so encouraging that even the dullest felt active in her presence, and she had a way of expecting from every one their very best work, which brought from them more than they had ever dreamed themselves capable of doing.

She chose people very quickly, believing in them on the slightest indications, and then by her trust drawing from them what she had believed. She would put them in places for which they felt unfit, and, by assuring them of her trust in them, she made them fit. She would hurry them on to positions more radical and advanced than they felt ready to take, but she was very seldom disappointed in her "faith in folks," and found them almost always ready to stay where she took them. One secret of

this power was, of course, that she had herself no fear of the success of others. She sincerely rejoiced over every successful thing they did, even when she thought they did better than herself. She wrote of herself in her autobiography:—

"Not to be jealous of others who come at rattling pace along the track . . . is a difficult grace. I do not profess to have attained it . . . but I will own that, so far as I recall, I have never seen myself outdone without *making* myself secretly say to God, 'I thank Thee for this other one's beautiful gifts: may they grow and abundantly flourish!'"

But this is a modest statement of her charity, for no one ever gave praise more freely and generously than Frances Willard.

"Help us always to be what in her best moments each of us wants to be" had been her constant prayer, and was now her daily endeavor, so that, as they said of her, it was her office, not only to plan the work that should be done, but to be the life and inspiration of the workers.

Perhaps she thought too well of people; but it was a plan that succeeded, and a plan that made every one love her. She had had, all her life, an extraordinary faculty for making friends; from the days when she led the Ne'er-do-weels onwards, she

had never been without five or six very intimate, dearest friends, who loved her, and to whom she was devoted, and though they changed, as her life changed, it was not so much that she lost her friendship for them as that the number of her intimates grew. She exercised a real fascination over the girls she taught, and over the women who worked under her, and, indeed, over almost every one with whom she came in contact, and the secret of this fascination was perhaps just this, that every one was at his best in her presence.

Of course it had its drawbacks. It can but be difficult to have very many dearest friends, and to spend your life in a circle of people, all of whom adore you. Jealousy followed her, for it was inevitable that this leader, whom they all worshipped, should love some more than others, and choose them for her companions, leaving others out. But to a very wonderful extent she had the power to make difficult situations easy, for she had that tact that comes from a truly simple-minded charity.

To a very wonderful extent, too, she shared her life with every one, and gave her sympathy and her counsel and her friendship to all who wanted it; and this not from self-seeking, or any love of popularity, but from her real interest in all the

world. To so great an extent did she do this, indeed, that those who knew her best and loved her most would often remonstrate with her and beg her to hold back for herself, and for them, some little part of her time and her energy and her love. They felt that by her constant sharing of everything she had, she must be wasting some of her thoughts and interests upon unworthy objects, and they knew she was wrong in thinking every one as loving and open-hearted as herself. But she went on her way undisturbed, looking always for "the good angel" in every one, and trying "to give each other of our best."

All through the years that followed, this personal strain of an unceasing intimacy went with her. But to Miss Willard it was no strain: she had no wish to keep back anything of her personality, no fear of other people, and no jealousy. She was always willing to be interrupted, however busy she might be, and the only things she ever wished to keep to herself were her ideas while they were taking shape. The minute she had them clear her one wish was to make them known, but while she was following out a train of thought she felt a slight desire to keep it uninterrupted! But this was her only reserve, and with such an outspreading

nature she was just the person to lead and to inspire the temperance women. They needed a leader in whom sentiment was genuine, and who was not afraid to say what she felt. Miss Willard was not afraid of this any more than she was afraid of saying what she thought, and therefore they knew her and had confidence in her. She entered at once into direct relations with every one she met, and no one was ever shy in her presence.

In her private life Miss Willard was as genial and charming as in her public life; indeed, the two were very close together, and it is hard to see that there was any line between them. She was always good-tempered and cheerful, and the very best of company. She loved to talk of everything in heaven and earth, and especially of religion. She loved to talk with religious people of all creeds, and to dwell on the things that lay behind their beliefs. When she met agnostics or atheists she would talk to them in the same way, drawing from them their ideals. There was no one who could resist her earnestness, nor the gentle confidence with which she would say, "Yes, honey, that is Christ, but you don't know it. All you call goodness and uprightness and wisdom is to me Christ." Her letters are full of this interest to the very end of her life. "Dearest H——," she

wrote in 1889, "I am sincerely desiring a higher and a holier life, and *I shall have it.* By God's grace you'll hardly know me when you come again —I shall so have let go of the earth and caught on to the heavens." But as her work increased she had less and less time for any but business conversations. "We shall have plenty of time to talk over all these things in heaven," she would say; "here we are too busy."

Her business conversations were no less delightful. In them she used all the daring and the wit that made her other talk so fascinating, and peals of laughter would come from her "den," whether she were working or not. This "den" is a room very characteristic of Frances, and is still kept just as she left it. It is a low room lined with books, with windows looking over the garden; her desk stands there, with flowers upon it, covered with piles of letters and papers and the photographs of her friends. Here and there on the walls are hung the mottoes that express some part of her attitude towards life: "For we are saved by hope"; "Nothing is inexorable but love"; "Him who knows most, him loss of time most grieves"; "This is my busy day." The books are extraordinarily interesting. They form the curious miscellaneous library of a

philanthropist who loved books and had no time to read them. There are endless records of reforms always obscure and now completely forgotten; there are religious and devotional books of all kinds, text-books, reference-books and histories standing side by side with poems sent her by unknown poets. Stray novels picked up here and there come next to the old books she had at Forest Home, and American editions of the English classics, from which she had tried to learn "culture" in her college days. Besides these there are tales of exploration and adventure, a great many Lives of Lincoln, who was one of her two great heroes, and all the works and speeches of Henry Ward Beecher, who was the other. Some of these volumes are filled with her notes and comments. On their fly-leaves are jokes and anecdotes, scraps of family history, lists of the people who were with her when she read them, memoranda of dates and of speeches, and sometimes, occasionally, references to the books themselves.

The whole of Rest Cottage is now filled with the signs of the love and admiration she won from her fellow-workers. The walls are covered with telegrams and testimonials from her thousands of friends and illuminated addresses of welcome or

appreciation they gave her, and the tables are piled with albums of their photographs, and the place is a solid witness to the tremendous work she did.

In the midst of all these memories it is pleasant to picture Frances and her mother as they lived in her rare days at home; Frances, full of energy and good spirits, working hard herself, keeping every one else filled with hope, and spreading through the house her atmosphere of cheerfulness. One can almost see how she must have rocked in the rocking-chairs, sung hymns on the stairs, and laughed everywhere; how she must have told pleasant anecdotes of all the mementoes that were collecting round her, and how pleased she must have been because the women " wanted to be kind." She loved everything in her home, one feels, with an equal overflowing affection.

Mrs. Willard moved quietly about, watching Frances, giving her, now and then, some of the sound wisdom that her daughter loved to hear, careful of dusting and arranging, but all the time with her mind detached from the housework and in a sort of distant seriousness. She would sit in Frank's " den," and listen a little to the business talks and the laughter, but with a serenity that nothing could disturb.

Frances never seemed to tire of work, and never seemed to want a change of occupation. She neglected nothing, answered every letter and attended every engagement, and was able to do it because she never took a holiday. When at home she worked from half-past eight to six, taking only an hour for lunch and exercise in that time; but unless she had a meeting, as she so frequently had, she did not work in the evening. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," she would say. In the free evenings they would all gather in the "den," Frank and her mother, and Anna Gordon, and the friends who were staying with them or living near, and they would talk and talk of life and work and hope.

"I go like a bee," she wrote, "into the gardens of thought; I love to listen to all the voices and to go buzzing round under the bonnets of the prettiest flowers and the most fragrant. It seems to me I get a lot of honey." But in all her talk she would never speak unkindly nor judge hastily. "Let something good be said," was one of the mottoes she hung upon her wall, and one she required all who came to see her to obey.

On one occasion in the early days of her work three of her friends came to see Frances, and, be-

ing "greatly aroused over an act of grave injustice towards her, were freeing their minds about the offender." Miss Willard listened to them only for a short time. Then she fetched her Bible and opened at Ps. cvii. 3, "I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress." "I'm going to sign off from speaking ill of people," she said, "and I want you to take this pledge with me."

It was in this spirit that she met all temptations to think evil, and she kept her pledge most loyally.

Her work grew very fast, and she soon felt also that she had not time for unkind thoughts. She put another notice on her desk, "This is my busy day," and found it was always true. But she did not have many days on which to see this notice, for the office of President, as she interpreted it, involved almost continual travel.

Her business letters, like her business conversations, were full of jokes, and full, too, of the spirit of love and charity. She had to send, of course, thousands every year, writing them in trains or at her meetings, scrawling them all crooked on her knee, or dictating them as fast as she could speak to her stenographer. But in each one there is the same spirit, the obvious seeking for complete harmony of work, and for personal sympathy between

the workers. "It is easier to climb up taking hold of hands," she said. They read, some of them, almost more like love-letters than business commands, and yet they deal with all the minute affairs of a philanthropic organization. Questions of sending money to some lonely missionary stranded in Tokio, of holding meetings on Neal Dow's birthday, of winning an important editor's permission to use his columns, or building a drinking fountain or interviewing a senator, all came to Frances to be settled.

Nothing was too small for her attention, nothing too unimportant to be praised.

"Let me thank you for going so faithfully and intelligently over my paragraphs: not an error do I find," she wrote to the compositors of the *Union Signal;* "you are well beloved by your elder sister."

There were naturally many quarrels and difficulties to worry her. Quarrels and misunderstandings constantly arose, and at such times Miss Willard's letters are full of an anxious effort to make peace.

"I would begin very mildly," she would say, "though she has acted in a most unsisterly manner"; and again: "Perhaps you also can pour on some oil; she has a lovely and sensitive soul, and has had much sorrow."

Or she would simply say that "we must show her some attention since we have cut her head off"!

If she had to give advice to young, self-confident workers, as, of course, she often did, it was so gently given, and so kindly, that it seemed more like praise. Her blame, too, was very sympathetically given, and she never made a suggestion that even hinted at criticism without including her own experience. "Thousands of times in my life I have found that a quiet attitude of listening would be a quietus to some difficulty that was just ready to blaze up into a bonfire. . . . If I were you I should get others to tell of their great works. . . . I find that every one is quite willing to be drawn out in this respect. This is written because I am thinking much of you in these days, and I believe the suggestion will be of value."

There is also, in her letters, an almost unparalleled slowness to take offence. She was, of course, accused of every possible extreme opinion, even to approval of lynching! but she paid little attention to what was said of her. She was never in the least undignified, and never wavered from her principles, but like Lincoln, "with firmness in the right, as God gave her to see the right, she moved along her

chosen path with malice toward none and charity for all."

The following letter is typical of her quiet method of dealing with a very difficult subject. The lady to whom she wrote it had turned against her in the most unexpected way, and from being a friend had become a most bitter enemy. She had published broadcast untrue and very injurious statements about Miss Willard, and was doing a good deal of harm to the work. Frances, who had helped and befriended her in the past, and who was still to help her, with the quiet generosity that does not ask for thanks, wrote to her one of the gentlest and finest of protests:—

"My dear X,—If I should reply to your letter in the same terms in which you wrote, you might be as deeply pained as I was by its reception, nor would it subserve any helpful end for me to do so. Last year you two dear ones thought I had deserted the cause of prohibitory law: this year you think I have been untrue to that of purity. Since you hold these views I am glad to be informed, but I wholly disavow any such purpose; and if, as I wrote when you attacked me on the subject of prohibition, my record does not protect me among my old friends, then I must wait until it does.

"As to what you write and the terms you employ

concerning L. H., I will not trust myself to enter on the subject at all.

"I am so grieved for dear D. and sorry for you all in this trying time.

"Believe me, with every good wish,

"Your sister,

"FRANCES E. WILLARD."

Even to Miss Willard this calmness and generosity did not come without effort. She felt unkindness very keenly, and was miserable at every lack of harmony. But she made it a rule of her life never to answer a letter or give an opinion upon a difficulty until she had brought herself to feel charitable and loving towards everybody concerned in it, and with a leader as wise and as generous as this the society lost very little of its energy in friction.

The first two years after her election were spent in "branching out." New lines of work were undertaken, and the new organization was set on foot. Praying had been the only foundation for the work, according to the conservatives, but Frances knew they must both pray and pay, and the receipts began to increase in consequence. The Woman's Temperance Publishing Association was founded, and the ambitious scheme of the Temple was started.

Besides attending to these things Miss Willard journeyed to and fro founding new branches, encouraging the old ones, and spreading her belief everywhere, and she began at this time to have a perfectly enormous correspondence. In the year 1881 she and Miss Gordon sent out ten thousand letters, and besides this she wrote many articles for the temperance papers, and made many hundreds of speeches. "What it would be to have an idle hour," she said, "I find it hard to fancy." Starting from the year of her election, she averaged 365 meetings and many thousand miles of travel every year, but all this activity seemed only to add to her enjoyment of life.

While this individual work was piling up around her, threatening to swamp all her energies and use up all her time, Miss Willard did not for one moment lose sight of the larger issues of the society, nor of its political aspect. Indeed, she cared for this with a steady enthusiasm that taught largeness of outlook to her followers. Left to themselves, many of the women would have been quite content with their schemes for reforming individual drunkards, with their bazaars and conventions and prayers, and would not have bothered with the larger and more difficult issues. But Frances Wil-

lard had a great ideal for her society. It was to work " for God and Home and Native Land," and was to be a great educational, moral, and political force in the country; and it was to change the face of government and the spirit of society. In trying to do this, she made many mistakes and had many failures; but one thing she certainly accomplished, more important than prohibition laws, more important than the change of parties, and that was the training of her followers. Under her teaching they became public-spirited and learned to take their share in the difficult experiments of government, learned to look beyond their own homes, and to know their own responsibilities. But it took a long time to reach this, and many struggles, and in 1881 the work lay all before her. That year she made her first trip through the South, and that year she got her third great conviction, and both of these things were very important in the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

It was a very difficult time in which to organize a national society that should include both North and South. Up to this time no Northern speakers had gone below Mason and Dixon's line, and very few travellers of any sort save those adventurers who came to be known as " carpet-baggers." These

men unscrupulously played upon the difficulties of reconstruction, making out of them their fortunes, and adding enormously to the Southern hatred and distrust of the North. The political parties were still using the old catchwords to fan the old anger into flame, and the poverty and ruin in the Southern states left little time for quiet thought and reconciliation. The best men in the South were dead: the leaders and the thinkers were gone, and the women who were left could but remember their sorrows and cling to the memory of their lost cause. Their children they brought up in the old traditions, thus fighting in their own way against the ever aggressive, ever tactless North. This state of things made it hard enough for any Northern lecturer to venture there. But Miss Willard's task was even more difficult, for the progressive experiments of the North were not welcomed, and, above all, the women's movements were regarded with suspicion. The advocates of women's rights had been Abolitionists and Quakers, in the early days before the war, and that was enough for the Southern people. William Lloyd Garrison had approved of these things, and to them William Lloyd Garrison was Satan inadequately disguised; abolition and female suffrage had gone hand in hand. Prohibition had

started in Maine among the New Englanders, and that was reason enough for hostility. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Crusade did not cross the boundary line, and that no Southern state sent delegates to the temperance councils. The South, too, was full of conservatism. Things as they had been in the old days now seemed almost perfection; inevitably they looked back to their glory, instead of forward, and inevitably they clung to their old traditions and their good old ways. The women of the South loved these ideals all the more dearly because now they had to work and to struggle alone. They had to face their ruin, and they faced it bravely; they had to keep the torch of their civilization burning, and they did it well, but it was hard to do; and amid their privations and their sacrifices it is no wonder that they looked back on the chivalry and shelter of the old days, and loved the ideals that had been torn from them. It is no wonder, too, that they hated and resented all the new and upstart ways in which the North was disgracing and degrading its women. A woman speaking in public was a thing unknown, a woman speaking on temperance was a thing to be feared, and a Northern woman speaking on anything at all was a thing to be hated and condemned. And yet Miss Willard

spent three months in the South in 1881, and met everywhere with the greatest encouragement and success.

There were two reasons for this. The first of them lay in Miss Willard herself, and the secret she had of winning the sympathies of her audiences; and the second of them lay in the condition of the South, and the dangers of the negro problem it was facing. The newly enfranchised colored people had had for a time after the war a disastrous supremacy, and now, when the whites had struggled back to power, they formed a dangerous and uncertain population. In this state of affairs the liquor with which they were abundantly supplied, added such horrors to the problem that every one was beginning to realize the necessity for action. Prohibition had been unpopular as coming from the North, but even a Northern remedy was better than the evil that was among them; and the time was ready for temperance work.

Then Miss Willard came, with her gentle ways and her uncompromising words, with her friendliness, her intelligence, her refreshing sense of humor, and her profound belief in human nature, and she was to the women of the South a revelation and a hope. Some of them, who later joined her work,

have told of the wonderful impression she then made:—

"The first time I heard her I lay awake all night for sheer gladness. It was such a wonderful revelation to me that a woman like Miss Willard could exist. I thanked God and took courage for humanity."

Another lady said of her visit that "it was the first ray of hope that had come into our lives since the war."

Tributes like these followed her wherever she went, and to this day they echo in Virginia and Louisiana and all the Confederate States.

She had a great ovation wherever she went, and societies sprang up behind her, and not only sprang up then, under her influence, but grew and prospered, until to-day practically the whole South has "gone dry," and, as far as legislation can prevent it, the colored and the white people do not complicate their difficulties with drink.

The success of this first trip through the South set Miss Willard dreaming of a greater attempt, and with her to dream was to try. She began to dream of a new union of the North and South, one that should cut through lines of party and of sex,

and unite all the Christians of the country in a war against sin.

"Northern and Southern bayonets shall point the same way," she hopefully proclaimed; the initials W.C.T.U. should stand for the words, "We come to unite," and the North and the South should form reunited states in which rum-selling and vice should have no place.

It was in thinking of this, and of how it might be accomplished, that Miss Willard found her great political conviction—the conviction that this dream might be realized in the triumph of prohibition, and it was then that she "thought through to the conclusion of her personal duty to take sides for the Prohibition party." This conclusion was strengthened at the national convention of the Prohibitionists at Saratoga which she attended in the summer of 1881, and was publicly declared to her own society in the autumn of the same year.

It was a very important decision, and one which cost her "much goodwill and many votes," besides a great deal of careful thought. The Third Party movement was very unpopular, as third party movements always must be. Prohibitionists were very few and very much laughed at. She herself was a thoroughly staunch Republican, and so were

almost all the women in her society, and, indeed, all the Northern people she knew. It was hardly respectable not to be a Republican in the West. The traditions of that party had lingered on from the days when it really was the "party of moral ideas," and loyalty to it was a matter of course. Lincoln had been their hero, passionately loved, and at his death, as Garrison said, "the heavens seemed dark. Nothing was left but God and His immutable Providence and His decrees." If his party had fallen from its high traditions, there was all the more need to cling to it now, and bring it back to the old faithfulness, so that to desert it seemed almost a crime. But it was a crime Miss Willard boldly and joyfully committed, and a crime which she led many thousands of other people to commit with her. "I am a Prohibitionist," she said, "by education, by observation, by study, by conviction, by experience, by hope, faith, and charity. When we know these things, happy are we if we do them."

The Prohibition party had run its first candidate for President in 1872. Ever since 1835 there had been agitations, chiefly in the New England states, for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors within the state. In 1838 a law had been

passed in Massachusetts forbidding the sale of liquor in quantities less than 15 gallons, and in 1851 the State of Maine had passed, chiefly through the work of Neal Dow, an entirely prohibitory law. But such laws within single states can only be partially successful, and the reformers hoped, and still hope, for national prohibition. In 1869, therefore, despairing at last of the existing political parties, they had made their own party organization. They had adopted their first platform and run their first candidates at the election of 1872. Year after year they had persevered, until now, in 1881, when Miss Willard joined them, they had quite an important following, not yet enough to gain any of the electoral votes cast by the states, but enough seriously to disturb the balance of parties.

Frances Willard joined the Prohibitionists in 1881 in the hope that the "color line could be broken by ballots," that "Mason and Dixon's line could be wiped out of the hearts of men," and that the national government might be forced to attend to woman's questions. She went on the executive of the party organization and tried her best to have it called the Home Protection party, and for the rest of her life watched its fortunes and helped them where she could.

The next three years she spent in urging the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to follow her example. She came before them in 1881, confessing the opinions she held: "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen." But they did not stand with her, and it was not until the election year, 1884, that she succeeded in inducing them really to take to politics.

X

POLITICS AND THE WORLD'S WORK

"WE are not here to float the float of faith, but to fight the fight." This was one of Miss Willard's firm beliefs, and acting upon it, she made her society astonishingly powerful by 1884. "God's law of growth does not exempt the Woman's Christian Temperance Union," she said, and she insisted upon more and still more kinds of work being undertaken.

"I have named Miss Willard the 'Octopus,'" Hannah Whitall Smith wrote of her, "because she is continually reaching out her great tentacles and dragging us all into her insatiable maw. . . . I never saw such a head for planning. I tell her I sometimes wish it was cut off—she does hustle a body about so from one thing to another! But, after all, that is the way she has made our Woman's Christian Temperance Union the power it is. . . ."

The work that the various branches of the society did in these years was very various. Sometimes it was done in simple communities where every one

knew every one else, and all that was needed was prayer and argument and entertainments. Sometimes the chief task was among the temperance women themselves, to educate them in work, and to teach them how to unite. There was the unfortunate village in which, when a local branch was organized, "there wasn't a quarrel in the neighborhood that was not represented on the board of officers," and many local unions were at first in this plight. But this was not always so. Sometimes their chief work was among the children, or in the churches, or through the press, and sometimes it lay in the legislature, or amidst the excitement and confusion of elections. At these times the women worked their hardest. They came, all inexperienced, into these turmoils of dishonesty and double-dealing, and found it hard not to be discouraged by what they saw. They worked for constitutional amendments, for state prohibition, for local option, and for any and every kind of temperance measure. They collected petition after petition, and tried every means they could think of to influence the voters, and the more they worked the more convinced they became of their need for votes themselves. In times of stress they worked so hard that some of them literally could not keep awake at

their own meetings; sometimes they failed so repeatedly that for a time they lost heart; but to them all, when they were tired or discouraged, a word or note from their "chieftain" brought hope. She was their great inspiration, and they were ready to follow where she led.

In 1882 the national society came out more strongly than ever for woman suffrage. Susan B. Anthony, the intrepid leader of the suffrage societies, came to their convention, and was "publicly kissed by an enthusiastic Quaker lady from the West." She was invited to address the convention, and introduced by Miss Willard in words of strong approval. A prominent woman who was opposed to Miss Willard's re-election went among the delegates assuring them in the most solemn manner that she had insulted every one of them by introducing Miss Anthony on the platform, as she did not recognize God—a thing which was quite untrue. "Well," replied an Indianapolis woman, "I don't know about that, but I do know that God has recognized her and her work for the last thirty years."

As Miss Willard gently remarked, however, "all this daunted the conservatives, and a few of them withdrew." One can imagine their feelings and their horror. There were Miss Willard preaching poli-

tics, and politics of a most unorthodox kind, and Miss Anthony with her strong, unshakable purposes, Miss Anthony the heroine of a thousand gibes and the scorn of ten thousand fools; and there was their precious praying society taking up dress reform, and making its members pay subscriptions! It was no wonder that they withdrew.

When they had gone the Woman's Christian Temperance Union went on its way more vigorously than ever. 1883 was the year of the "Great Temperance Round-up," in which Miss Willard, with Anna Gordon, visited every state and territory, started societies in every one of them, spoke in every town of over 10,000 inhabitants, and travelled over 30,000 miles.

In the course of their travels they stayed with thousands of different people, and to them all Miss Willard became a friend. The experience of life she acquired in these years was enormous. Women would consult her and write to her upon every subject—upon getting a divorce, or leaving a drunken husband, or starting a school. They asked her for help of every kind; sometimes strangers would want her to write their speeches for them, or would send her their bills and ask her to pray over them and then pay them! "The list of these things," she

said, "would reveal the mighty unrest of women's hearts." As she went about seeing this "mighty unrest," and hearing the troubles and difficulties of the women of her country, she became more and more certain of the need for many kinds of reform, and the more and more determined to make of herself "a woman whom the Lord could trust," that she might help this good work.

The actual bodily fatigue of so much travelling was very great. "We get lovely welcomes everywhere," she said, "but we are very tired." But in the train, as at home, she was always ready to talk to other people, if she could talk to them about her work, and she was ready, too, at junctions or sidings where they had to wait, to make impromptu speeches to the railway-men, and any one else who would come to hear.

She would speak from the train, while a boy ran around the little town ringing a dinner-bell and shouting, "Lecture at depot, now, now, now; Miss Somebody, of Illinois, now. Everybody invited. Lecture at depot!" All this was hard work, but neither Miss Willard nor Miss Gordon would spare herself.

No sooner had they finished this huge task than there came the first serious trouble within the so-

ciety, and it was the forerunner of a succession of difficulties. It was, of course, impossible that so large a society should work quite harmoniously in all its branches, even with the "elbow-room" Miss Willard allowed, and it was equally impossible that among all those women some should not be found to dispute her leadership and to quarrel with her adventurous ways. She got into trouble in particular when she began to attack party politics—that taskmaster whose bigotry in the present days seems to have taken the place of the religious intolerance of the past.

There is no general interest in a detailed description of the quarrels and difficulties of a society of earnest and conscientious people. There are many paths for well-meant crooked dealings, and big issues very easily get lost in small ones and obscured with personalities. Any one who has had anything to do with public work will know only too well how easily misunderstandings arise, and how the subtleties of technical language can provoke impassioned eloquence and bitter personal accusations. All this befell the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, but to a surprisingly small extent. The vast majority of the women were almost blindly loyal to their leader. And she, on her side, was essentially

fair-minded, and had no pride of opinion. "We must wait for one another," she said, "and listen to one another, and give the truth a chance to triumph." And for her part she was ready to tell all she thought.

"There is nothing so private, after all," she said: "the secrets are all open secrets. 'God is light, and in Him there is no darkness at all.' Let us, then, tell all the good things we may, and think as little evil as we can, that we may have little to tell but good, and then let us tell it out, and keep on telling it."

In all their difficulties, therefore, she insisted on hearing both sides as fully as possible, and thus even those who disagreed with her felt that she was a safe leader.

There was, however, a persistently active minority of party Republicans who did not feel this, and who tried year after year to make her followers desert her. But in this they were quite unsuccessful, though they caused the leaders a great deal of worry and anxiety. In fact, these malcontents really accomplished the very opposite of their aim, by making Miss Willard's friends rally round her even more devotedly than before. As one of them graphically put it:—

"If Frances were to push a plank out into the ocean and tell us to walk along it, we'd all go without question."

Frances herself, however, did not think of her own personal influence, nor judge severely the people who opposed her. There never was the slightest tinge of uncharity in her thoughts. "They were in their condition," as she was, and no one could see more than by the light that was vouchsafed him. She firmly believed that "farther on we shall be found walking once more side by side," and, after taking her pledge, she could never be induced to blame an opponent, or to impute motives less genuine than her own.

For all that, she had anxious times. The executive committee met hurriedly here and there for long and sad sessions of prayer and consultation: sometimes they sat up until far into the night talking and planning how to avoid the difficulties that arose, and sometimes they reached their conclusions only at the very last moment.

In 1884 Frances went to the political nominating conventions with a memorial asking for a Prohibition "plank" in their platforms. She had never been to such conventions before—hardly any women went to them—and she was greatly interested to see

how they were managed. It was a time of tremendous political excitement of the very worst kind. There was no real issue between the parties, but almost more ill-feeling and agitation than there had ever been before. There were two minor parties, the Greenbacks and the Prohibitionists, to confuse the party lines, and personal animosity was rampant.

The political situation was interesting. Eight years before, in 1876, the elections had almost renewed the civil war—Hayes and Tilden had then stood equal without the votes of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, and from these states had come two sets of returns, one from the white people for the Democratic and one from the "reconstructed governments" for the Republican candidate. It had seemed an *impasse,* because the Senate was Republican and the House Democratic, and the deadlock that ensued had been broken only just in time by a special electoral commission which decided for Hayes, the Republican. After this, the last of the reconstructed governments had fallen, and at the next election the colored people were practically prevented from voting; but, even so, the solid Democratic South failed to elect its candidate.

That was in 1880. Then came the murder of the

Republican President, Garfield, by a disappointed office-seeker, and the resulting concentration of public attention upon Civil Service reform. At the election of 1884 it seemed as if Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, were more likely to further this than Blaine, the Republican, and therefore in this election arose a considerable number of "mugwumps," or Northern Independents, who professed themselves free from party, and were likely to vote the Democratic ticket. This was one cause for Republican anxiety, and the two minor parties added another. The Greenbacks, or People's party, were nominating candidates on the question of restoring the national currency, and of refusing to allow the banks to issue money, and the Prohibitionists were nominating solely on the question of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor. These two parties drew their members almost entirely from the Republicans, and this caused torrents of the most bitter abuse to be poured upon their leaders.

Into this turmoil Miss Willard went with her memorial, and from it she came out with her conviction stronger than ever. The Democrats took no action; the Republicans admitted her, and listened to her speech, and then did nothing; the Greenbacks adopted a very vague and useless plank,

and it was only from the Prohibitionists that she obtained a satisfactory result.

The manners of these different bodies seemed to her very significant. She came in as a complete outsider, knowing nothing but the issues for which they stood and their bad reputations for corruption. She found them made up of men whose intelligence or habits she did not admire, who treated her and her woman's memorial with scant attention. This was true of the Republicans, the Democrats, and the Greenbacks; but with the Prohibitionists it was all quite different. There, women were members of the convention, and even officers of the party, and the whole atmosphere was changed. Nobody smoked, everybody was polite, and there were flowers in the hall. The "homelike touch" that Miss Willard loved was here plainly to be seen, and she felt that within this party lay the hope of America.

With a party such as this, and only with such a one, could the temperance women finally unite. They, too, were all in the air, all Christians, all theorists. They did not smoke, or drink, and they liked to see flowers on their platforms; they, too, stood for "total abstinence and prohibition, no sectarianism in religion, no sectionalism in politics, no sex in citizenship," and they took the New Testa-

ment for their text-book of political economy. They, too, knew "that in America the great clanging mill of government, kept in motion at enormous cost, turns out just one product, and that is protection for life and limb and property." But it seemed to them that "the home our brothers have forgotten adequately to protect," and therefore they, too, demanded "that the land we love may at once and for ever go out of partnership with the liquor traffic."

In this year, therefore, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union officially endorsed the Prohibition party, though still leaving latitude to the state and local branches to decide for themselves. This taking to politics at once caused them difficulty. The churches, which until that time had always been open for their meetings, were now shut. But, as Miss Willard said, "We can give up the high-toned churches, but not our high-toned ideas"; and when once the election time was over, this difficulty gradually passed away.

Perhaps the greatest result of this action of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union came from the outspoken criticism they gave to the underhand methods and personal abuse they found in all politics. Miss Willard was not afraid of making her

views known, and with uncommon plainness of speech she denounced the trickery and the corruption she saw.

It is not probable that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had much influence on the result of the election, even though that result was an extraordinarily close one, but some influence it undoubtedly had. It was this year that Frances received a letter from Mike Carey, her father's "hired man" at Forest Home, the same who had sent her fifty cents when in Milwaukee.

"DEAR MISS," the letter ran,—"We are all Dimocrats but I have read in the papers that St. John and Daniel were your candidates, and I said to the boys, 'That lady and her folks were good to me when I was a lonesome broth of a boy just over from the old Country, and now the lady hasn't a vote to bless herself with, but we can get in four and let 'em all count on her side.' So I and our boys went to the polls and did just that, and I thought I'd wright and tell ye.

"MIKE CAREY."

Incidents like this were very encouraging to the temperance women, who, for all their keenness, had not a vote of their own, and they felt sure at the time that their influence had helped the Prohibitionists, and that these had had great effect upon the

election results. These results were very exciting. For two days the returns were uncertain, and at last it was found that owing to the New York vote, the Democrat, Cleveland, had been elected by a very small majority. This threw the burden of the Republican defeat upon the mugwumps, the Greenbacks, and the Prohibitionists of New York state, and the bitterness with which these people were attacked was for some time appalling. The women came in for their share of abuse, and Frances tried to teach them to use it so as to learn "to endure hardness as a good soldier." "You see your calling, sisters: first, to do well; second, to suffer for it; third, to take it patiently. This is acceptable to God." "For myself," she said, "the contradiction and malignity of the political debate have long since ceased to mar the tranquillity of my spirit . . . I have entered the region of calm, and none of these things move me. If this work be of God, it cannot be overthrown; if it be not, then the sooner it comes to naught the better for humanity."

By the next year this excitement had died down, and the society went back to the task of its own expansion. Thirty million pages of literature were sent out from the central office, and forty different branches of work were now carried on. Work

among the immigrants and the Indians was undertaken, and a campaign against the opium-smoking in California. "Salvation by tongs is a failure," Frances said, and every one must come and do her share with her own hands, whether her share were kitchen gardens, prison visiting, or "Gospel politics."

In 1886 a Temperance Hospital was founded in Chicago. Purity work also was made one of the departments of the society. This was work for which Frances cared very deeply. The speeches she made on the subject show better than any others her zeal for the improving of the world. "He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire."

She spoke very plainly upon the difficult questions of sex relations, and constantly urged the other white-ribbon women to take the same attitude. "Falter who must, follow who dare," was her call to them, and for the most part they dared to follow. Her speeches were full of a stinging, rousing indignation, "the faith of the Lord God Almighty in its fulness," as Wendell Phillips said, but with all her zeal she had no bitterness. The liquor traffic and all the worse evils of our civilization she knew to be "the heritage of a less wise, less kind,

and less enlightened past." "For their existence in this gentler age," she said, "we are all more or less responsible, and I have no harsh word to speak of any. To remedy them now we must be as good-natured as sunshine, as steadfast as gravitation, and as persistent as a Christian's faith."

Steadfast and persistent they were, and the society continued to grow at a remarkable pace. In 1888, however, the next election year, some of the old troubles revived again. Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster, one of the first woman lawyers in America, who was the ringleader of the Republican element within the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was that year asked to speak on Republican platforms. This was the first time any woman had spoken for any political party other than the Prohibitionists, and was such a wonderful advance that Frances, although she hated the discord Mrs. Foster caused within the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, could not but rejoice at the new position women were gaining.

It was a year of rejoicing for many reasons. The society had grown almost unbelievably, and its fifteenth convention, held in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, was a most astonishing and triumphant gathering.

"Woman's capacity at branching out was here abundantly illustrated," as Miss Willard said; the Convention was "a moral Jumbo," made up, as it was, of delegates from half a million members, who listened to reports from every state and territory, and from the forty different departments of work, and who discussed and debated and prayed together; they had sent up, before this year, petitions containing 10,000,000 names for scientific temperance teaching in the schools, and done much other work on an equally tremendous scale.

In the different religious bodies the society had strong allies, and, with the wonderful tolerance of America, it often had on its platform at the same time Catholic priests, Protestant ministers, and Jewish rabbis. The Salvation Army worked with the white-ribbon women, the different religious temperance societies co-operated with them, and many important leaders in the churches came to speak for them. The Prohibition party had made great strides since 1881, and now many important political leaders thought it worth while to come with their promises to the New York convention.

Over this miscellaneous gathering Miss Willard presided with the most successful tact. It was one of her greatest gifts, this power to preside over

the most complicated business, and to go through the most difficult and unexpected situations without disturbing in any way the tranquillity of a meeting.

Whatever troubles might arise, she made the delegates feel that they were in harmony with each other in all essential points; she kept them good-humored and attentive, and always knew how to steer them through dangers and storms. Every one knows how largely the success of a meeting depends upon the personality of the presiding officer, and how restive and difficult both speakers and audience can become, and how agonizing it is to listen to speeches that are not going to end promptly and with good-humor. But Miss Willard never let such things happen. Whether it was her unexpected phrases, or her unfailing sense of humor, or her optimism, or whatever was her secret, she never failed. She sat faithfully through all the meetings, said her appreciative words to every speaker, and was the life and soul of the whole thing; and as she sat and listened, she took notes on how to improve the next convention, and began already to write her next annual address! With this energy, and this attention, and with the great care she gave to every detail, it is no wonder that to attend a convention over which Miss Willard was presiding was a

unique experience. Her own remarks, too, were always delightful. She had an unusually good memory, and filled her speeches with quotations from her favorite poets. She looked very young at this time, and there was an indescribable ring of gladness in her voice, as of confidence in the essential goodness of the world. She had this confidence, indeed, and never lost it, and though she could move her audience to tears by the pathos and the restraint with which she spoke, she never left them with any feeling but that of courage and hope.

About this time Miss Willard engaged in two other very important activities. One of these was the effort then being made to gain admission for women to the governing bodies of the churches.

In 1887 she, with one other woman, was chosen a delegate from Rock River Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church then meeting in New York. This was the first year that any woman had been so chosen, and there was great dispute as to whether they would be allowed to take their seats. What Frances called "the tintinnabulation of tongues" set in, and after much discussion they were not admitted. It was, however, an advance that they should have been sent from the local conferences. But things moved so

slowly with the churches that some of the more ardent members went so far as to propose the founding of a separate woman's church. Miss Willard finally opposed this, though with characteristic love of adventure she was " often urged, not a little tempted, and sometimes quite determined to take this new departure."

The second effort in which Miss Willard joined at this time was that made to unite the reformers. She had always been on friendly terms with the Socialists and the Knights of Labor, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had given and received much help from them. Now, in pursuance of the attempt to unite the reformers, she sat up all night with the Resolutions Committee of the People's party, but only to see the suffrage plank thrown overboard the next day, and the prohibition plank thrown after it. Disappointed with this, she turned to the women's organizations, and in 1888 attended the first National Council of women. This was a very ambitious scheme, by which all the women engaged in public work should unite into one body, and meet from time to time to discuss their work, and to put " the wisdom of each at the service of all." It was a scheme too ambitious for the time, and though the National Council still exists,

and an International Council has been formed, they are both as yet far from the great ideal the founders had of them in those days. The Council was planned and managed by Miss Anthony, who, like Miss Willard, had the gift of seeing far ahead, and sometimes too far, into the future, and it was she who insisted that Frances should be the first president of the Council.

The next year, 1889, Miss Willard published her autobiography, which she had written at the command of the white-ribbon women. They had told her she must write it, and had passed resolutions at the convention in 1887 to make her do so. She therefore set to work, "clearing a little space on my workshop table by pushing aside so much that I ought to do," and in three weeks she had, with her amazing energy, put together the astonishing number of 650,000 words! Such a book was, naturally, not very carefully written. It was made up of old notes and speeches, letters, newspaper articles, and scraps of all kinds, and it had at once to be cut down to much less than its original length. In its final form, therefore, "Glimpses of Fifty Years" is a curious medley, and nearly half of it is a history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. But with all its confusion it has its own peculiar charm.

As they said of it, "it is a home book, written for her great family circle, and to be read round the evening lamp by critics who loved the writer," and, looked at in this light, it is successful. It is a very frank piece of writing, in its way; she did not hesitate to say of herself the very things her few enemies whispered to each other. They said she was ambitious, uttering the word as if it stood for all that is unscrupulous and sinful. Miss Willard openly admitted it. Her chief qualities were, she said, "a speculative mind, a hasty temper, a too ready tongue, and the purpose to be a celebrated person."

She admitted that she had always felt contempt for the couplet:

> "Make me little and unknown,
> Loved and prized by God alone,"

and added: "Every nature has its limitations, and mine was here precisely. I wanted some one else to know"!

She was now fifty years old, and certainly she had gained her wish to be a celebrated person, for she was by this time the best known woman in the United States.

Her ambition reached even farther, however, and

stretched out to other countries. But it was not the ambition to be more famous, but rather the ambition to be more truly "a helper of the world."

In 1875 she had first dreamed of a world-wide society that should fight impurity and intemperance wherever they were to be found; but it was then too early, and the national work itself was not well enough established for such a great expansion to be possible. In 1883, however, when Frances came back from her journeys into every state in the Union, she insisted that such a society should really be planned. She had seen, in her travels, people of all races who needed to be helped. She had seen the Chinese in California, the immigrants in the East, the Indians on the reservations, the Spanish in New Mexico, and the Africans in the South. All these different races lived under American rule, and were all part of one nation; to Frances they were all the children of one Father, and she felt the call to help them. She had seen the misery and the degradation of these people, and that their need was everywhere the same. For everywhere their poverty was made abject and their ignorance besotted by the drink they took, hoping to make life happy. She saw the evil effects of drugs of all kinds, the brutality and the confusion they caused.

She saw the white slave traffic, the prisons and asylums, and the hopeless children; and she longed with an eager zeal so to move the whole world that these things might not continue.

She had not, at first, much encouragement from the white-ribbon women. They thought their national work was enough, and for the most part they did not catch their leader's wider vision; nor did they see how this work could be done, nor how they could get the money to do it. But a few of them shared Miss Willard's enthusiasm; with her they hoped courageously and dreamed of impossibilities, and the first "round-the-world missionary," Mrs. Leavitt, went out in 1884.

She started without money, in the brave fashion of those pioneers, and for nine years she travelled, organizing and speaking for the temperance cause. The courage of this first missionary and of the others who followed her was well justified by the results of their work. They founded branches of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union in nearly all countries, for they found flourishing in every remote corner of the globe the evils against which they were working, and they found all over the world eager women who longed to help them.

At the end of the nineteenth century women in

many countries were beginning to act for themselves, and this world-wide society, organized on the broadest basis of Christian toleration, was exactly the society best suited to the time. It fought against an evil about the magnitude of which there are not two opinions; it fought in so many ways that almost every person could find in it the work best suited to her views, and it brought to philanthropic women everywhere a comforting sense of the unity of the world.

The first work of the society was the circulating of a great world-wide petition. Miss Willard wrote it, and it was translated into every language. It was addressed to all the governments of the world, and was to be signed by the women of all nations. In this way Miss Willard thought she could best show how universal was the desire for reform, and impress upon the women, powerless themselves under their rulers, the need to unite for the protection of their homes. Round this the work grew, and it was a very useful implement of organization. There is something in the magnitude of this petition that appeals to the imagination, and wherever her missionaries carried it they roused instant enthusiasm. By 1895 it had obtained 1,121,200 names, and five million more through organized

societies, and though the Governments to which it was presented paid no attention to it, it still accomplished an important task.

In 1885 Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas came to America, bringing news of the British Women's Temperance Association, which had been started ten years earlier. She was made the first president of the World's society, which, however, had only a rather visionary existence, and she held the post till her death, in 1890. Mrs. Letitia Youmans came from Canada, where a society had been started in 1875, and this also joined the world's "organized mother-love," as Miss Willard called it. But it was not till 1891 that the first convention was held in Boston, and there Miss Willard was elected president. This society had been the widest dream of her ambition, and now she sat surrounded by delegates from Japan, Spain, Syria, India, and all the other far-away countries of the world. It was a change from the days when she had wondered if she would ever "go anywhere, or see anybody, or do anything," but Frances was the same person still.

XI

WORK IN ENGLAND

MISS WILLARD'S work had brought her many hundreds of friendships, and in 1891 it brought her the greatest of them all, when Lady Henry Somerset, president of the British Women's Temperance Association, came to attend the first World's Convention, held in Boston.

The English and American leaders had long been anxious to meet. On hearing the news of Lady Henry's election as president, Miss Willard had written to her friend, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, then in England:—

"*Ap.* 11, 1890.

"BELOVED HANNAH,—I could throw my cap in air to think that Lady Henry Somerset is going to head the army of white-ribboners. How good is God to bring us out into this goodly land! . . . I have loved this lady since her name first came to me. Can you not get me her photograph, and will you not write at once a sketch for the *Union Signal? If only* you and she would come over to the Convention, and you and I go about together, to Washington and the

chief cities, what an arousement we could bring to pass! . . . I can but think a new era opens upon us with the incoming of this blessed woman . . . let us pray much for guidance.

"With tenderest love,

"THY FRANK."

After this Mrs. Smith did her best to bring about a meeting, and the next year she and Lady Henry went to America together. From the first moment that the two leaders saw each other at the Evanston railroad station, their friendship began, and it deepened and strengthened day by day. They went together to Boston, as Frances had hoped they might. Mrs. Smith, in writing of it, gives a vivid picture of the convention:—

"*Dec.*, 1891.

"It was a great pleasure to be travelling with such a charming friend and comrade as Lady Henry Somerset, and to see how every one was completely captivated by her, and how much enthusiasm she created. I was, of course, sure beforehand that it would be so, but still it was great enjoyment to witness it all. . . . I do not believe any public character has ever before gone to America who has aroused such enthusiastic love as she did. Her meetings were tremendous crowds, and people had to go hours beforehand to get seats. She has the true gift of eloquence that not only convinces the intellect but also

reaches the heart and conscience. . . . She is to be to England what Miss Willard is to America, and I feel it is a cause of continual thanksgiving that such a gift has been given to us. It was delightful to see two such rare women as Lady Henry and Frances together. They became warm friends at once, and although I had praised them both to one another in no measured terms, they each declared the half had not been told them.

"I wish I had time to tell you all about the Boston Convention. It was a wonderful assemblage of women, and Miss Willard's presiding was a beautiful sight. I had tried to tell Lady Henry what a marvellous presiding officer Frances was, but she said it far exceeded her expectations. It was very impressive to see so slight and frail-looking a woman controlling with such ease and grace and kindly humour such a crowd of eager, earnest workers, each one with a decided mind of her own, and with no hesitation in expressing it! There was not one single unpleasant scene throughout the whole convention; which speaks well for women, for I am sure not even preacher men would have been so orderly and courteous. Every day promptly at eleven o'clock all business was suspended, and we had an hour's devotional exercises, with Bible Readings. . . . I do not believe even missionary conferences are as manifestly devotional as this. It impressed the Boston people very much.

"We had the first International Convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union two days before the National Convention, and to this there were delegates from thirty-four different countries.

This was most inspiring, and made it seem as if the 'white ribbon' really were, as Miss Willard so often says, 'encircling the globe.' . . .

"And not only were all quarters of the world represented, but also all forms of religious belief. This to me was one of the most delightful things of the whole convention. On that platform all nationalities and creeds seemed to be swallowed up in the blessed sense of the oneness of the family of God. One day a Catholic priest pronounced the benediction, another day a Quaker sister, another day a Methodist preacher, and still another day a Unitarian. . . . Miss Willard is what might be called a 'Uniter.' She said of Lady Henry, in one of her speeches, something that is marvellously true of herself as well, 'Blessed are the inclusive, for they shall be included.' If ever there were inclusive souls, theirs are, and as a consequence they are included by everybody.

"Miss Willard's annual address was splendid, and held the audience of over three thousand people spellbound. So great was the eagerness to hear it that people were at the doors at six o'clock in the morning to get seats for the meeting at nine o'clock. If I were to sum up the spirit of the convention I should say that it was a magnificent illustration of 'the Christianizing of Christianity.' How anybody could go home from a convention like that, and wrangle over forms or ceremonies, or creeds, or dogmas, or could even *care* about them, is incomprehensible to me. . . . The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is essentially a company that 'walks with Christ' as far as they have light, even though all of them

may not have very clear doctrines concerning Him. And I am proud of belonging to such a company. On the Sunday of the convention sixty pulpits in and around Boston were filled with white-ribbon women! And many more were applied for, but could not be granted. We literally seemed to take Boston by storm. Time fails me to chronicle it all. But the bright particular star all through was our beloved Lady Henry Somerset, who took all hearts captive, and whose visit to America has done more for the temperance cause in America than any words could ever express."

The love and sympathy the leaders had for each other was an inestimable advantage to both their great societies. It brought interchange of ideas between them, and made easy many of the inevitable difficulties of a world's organization. England and America exchanged speakers, and worked together, and the example of the leaders went far to bring harmony to the workers. It was an ideal friendship, and seemed almost inspired, and it came to Miss Willard at the time when she most needed it, for it came just before her mother's death. In 1891 Mrs. Willard was still living, but she was over eighty, and knew that she must soon die. To Frances, as she went about the country, the thought of her mother and the quiet, contented home at Evanston had been the centre round which her life was built.

She grew to have a more passionate love for it with every year of her busy life, and the thought of it was her most constant inspiration. It was an ideal which helped her in her work for the protection of all homes, and helped her to give up her own days there that she might safeguard others.

But for several years now she had tried to stay more at home for her mother's sake; not that Mrs. Willard made any claims upon her, or was anything but the courageous, helpful mother she had always been. But Frances could not bear to be away from her, and to miss the last years of her companionship. Her mother had always been her dearest and most sympathetic friend, from whom she had had no concealments, and now they seemed nearer than ever. When Frances had taken up her public work, her mother had been glad and proud. "I must keep well for the sake of my daughter, and the work God has given her to do," she said, and she had so ordered her life as to help in every quiet way she could. She lived a life of serenity, and spread about her house a tranquil atmosphere that made it Rest Cottage indeed. When Frank came home tired with the cares of her work, and hurried with the strain of constant travelling, she always found

there peace and comfort. She loved to sit by the fire with her mother, talking to her and sharing in her peacefulness, and, as many of the workers said, they had but to step into her room to have all the way smoothed out before them.

Mrs. Willard had all her life been fond of reading and eager to learn and to study; but she had had little leisure. "My mother has had the life-long consciousness of power unused, while she has labored with heart and hand for us," Frank had written when she was twenty, and it was a very true observation. But if she had not had time to become learned, she had maintained steadily her primitive wisdom and her thoughtful outlook on life. "Mother's remarks are always the result of much thinking," Frances had once said. During the quiet years after she was sixty Mrs. Willard at last had the opportunity she had always missed, and she took advantage of it to the full. She read a great deal, pondering long and seriously on what she read, and, as Frank said, "she was occupied with great themes." Besides her studies, she followed with keen interest the affairs of her daughter's society, and was herself president of the local Evanston branch; and with these occupations, and her grandchildren, and all her friends and neighbors,

she was never lonely or unoccupied during her daughter's long absences.

She was very active, in spite of her age, and was always the first up in the household, going to the door for her morning paper, and reading it before their early breakfast. She was self-reliant and independent, as she had been all her life, and on her last birthday she quoted to Frances a poem that described how bravely she faced old age:—

> "'Never, my heart, shalt thou grow old:
> My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
> And one by one my powers depart,
> But youth sits smiling at my heart.'"

But, as she said, nothing could cure her of being eighty-seven years old.

It was about this time that Lady Henry first came to Evanston. Madam Willard, as the white-ribboners loved to call her, welcomed her as another daughter. She felt, as she said, that a great burden of care was lifted from her mind, since she could now leave Frank with so true and so great a friend. She was "free to die," and the next spring she did die, as quietly and nobly as she had lived. In her illness she troubled others as little as she could. "I had a little sensation," she would say when they asked her

if she were in pain, but she would make no other complaints. "You cannot think how glad I shall be when this is over," she told her daughter, as she lay quietly waiting for death, longing for the life that she knew lay before her. She had lived her life well, and it had brought her many interests and enjoyments; but now she was "in some haste," for the great future was ahead, and it was without regrets that she "passed onwards."

To Frances her mother's death meant desolation. Home without her mother could not be home; Rest Cottage had lost its restfulness, and she never lived there again. The meaning seemed to be taken out of life, and from this feeling she never quite recovered. She seemed, with her mother's death, to have lost her connection with earth, and to be just waiting a few years before she, too, could go onward. In her great sorrow she turned, as her mother had been glad to think she would turn, to Lady Henry Somerset.

They sailed for England in August, and then went to Eastnor Castle, where they rested quietly. Frances had little heart to do anything at first, but gradually some of her enthusiasm came back to her, and she took up her work again.

In September they went back to America for

the national convention, and there Lady Henry was welcomed with enthusiasm by the white-ribboners. But they soon returned to England, for America was too desolate still for Frances, and Evanston was too lonely.

For the next six years she divided her time between the two countries, going home for the annual conventions and sometimes for the summer. The national society was now on a firm foundation, and could go on of itself, and Miss Willard, during these years, devoted herself chiefly to work in England and to the world's society.

Her English work was very interesting to her. It began with a great meeting in Exeter Hall, in January, 1893, at which, in her honor, many famous philanthropists were assembled. She made at this meeting one of the finest speeches of her life. Always eloquent and clear, she had, since her mother's death, a new power, a sort of exaltation, that never failed to move those who heard her. Her gentleness, her dry humor, her Western accent, and the quaint idioms of her speech, together with the courage of her mind, at once charmed and captivated the English audience, and her success was immediate.

"I come to you," she said, "from the Mississippi

Valley. In its whispering corn . . . I used to sit on my little four-legged wooden cricket, hidden away so that nobody should know, reading out of poets and philosophers things that caused me to believe more than I knew: and I do it yet. I do not know that prohibition will capture Old England, and salt it down with the inviolate sea for a boundary, but I believe it will; I do not know that the strong hand of labor will ever grasp the helm of state, but I believe it will; I do not know that the double standard of life for men and women will be changed, but I believe it will; I do not know that women will bless and brighten every place they enter, and that they will enter every place, but I believe they will. . . . For the sake of the mothers who kneel to-night beside their infant sons, I have the courage to speak out, and I know that whenever these words have been spoken by men and women in dead earnest, the great heart of humanity has been comforted, and tens of thousands have said, 'That is the larger hope.'"

After this, invitations to speak poured in upon her from all over the country, but she refused them. She was tired and ill, and wanted only to rest, and did not even feel able to go back for the World's Fair and her own national convention, which were

held in Chicago in 1893. Lady Henry went in her place, and took her messages of love and courage to her old comrades, while Frances stayed quietly at Haslemere with her old friend and fellow-worker, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith.

When Lady Henry came back, early in 1894, Miss Willard was better, and they did a great deal of work together. They spoke all over England, made great tours through Scotland and Ireland, and brought everywhere an instantaneous revival of the temperance agitation. Their meetings were most remarkable, and roused tremendous enthusiasm. But Miss Willard's health broke down, and they were obliged to stop by the end of the year.

At this time Miss Willard met most of the prominent English people. She was immensely interested in politics, and joined the Fabian Society in 1893, finding in it many of the views she had long held about labor and the duty of the state to care for children. She was welcomed everywhere, just as she had always been in America. If she mixed up the titles of people, as she invariably did, they forgave her when she called them "my dear brother," and "my dear sister" instead, and if they thought her schemes too experimental and too

wild, they forgave this also, because of the delightful sense of humor with which she discussed them.

Reporters crowded round her. She loved the press, and would give her views on bicycling or on marriage, on gambling or careers for girls, with equal readiness, and she soon came to be very well known all over the country.

But within the British Women's Temperance Association things did not go quite smoothly. As there had been in America, so there was in England, a good deal of opposition to Miss Willard's ways from people who did not like the radical methods of the "Do Everything" policy. There were also many people who strongly objected to her preaching woman suffrage or talking on the question of purity. They held that a temperance society was a temperance society, and nothing else, and that Miss Willard had no right to try to commit them to these other things as well. She, on her side, could not understand why the society should deliberately impose limitations upon anything or anybody. "Everything is not in the temperance movement," she said, "but the temperance movement should be in everything." And indeed in her own society it was. From the opening of museums on Sundays to

the teaching of physical culture, there was little they neglected.

But it was the question of woman's suffrage, even more than that of the new policy of work, that caused difficulties within the British Women's Temperance Association. Both Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard felt that this question was a fundamental one for all women's societies, and though, of course, they did not want to make a belief in it binding upon all their members, they did want to convert them, and to make it as prominent an issue as possible.

The difficulties were not quite the same as those Miss Willard had had to face when she had made her first speeches about suffrage seventeen years before, but they were very great difficulties. Her opponents were especially angry because she was an American. They said she had no right to have an influence in their society, and they blamed Lady Henry for agreeing with her. It was, perhaps, natural that many of them should resent the sudden introduction of new-fangled American methods. They had not seen these methods at work, and they were slow to believe that what had originated out of England could be good in England. But in the end Lady Henry succeeded in convincing them.

Miss Willard won them by her charm and by the simplicity of her thoughts, and the English society was converted to the new methods of work and to the wider aims.

Miss Willard was, of course, grieved when the temperance women were slow to take up what she was sure was so excellent, but of the storm of jealousy and personal hostility that went with it she was oblivious. "Never was one treated with so much generosity as I, all my life long," she often declared, though at this time she might have thought very differently. She was not, of course, so blind as not to see that there was some animosity, but she would not dwell on it. "I should like to say," she wrote of these troubles, "that as for a warm and beautiful reception, no mortal ever had a better than I have had in England, though there may have been just a little cake of ice in the bottom of the valley, which the shining light of affection and goodwill has not been able to strike." Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith tells a story of how at one of the most stormy of the business meetings at this time a certain committee had been discussing the new proposals, and pouring quantities of abuse upon this stranger who was forcing her way in, with her "scatteration" policy, and trying, without understanding their con-

ditions, to make them follow her lead. As they were discussing this, Miss Willard herself came into the room. Of all the inappropriate things that might have been said in such a situation, Miss Willard chose the most unexpected. "I was told not to come in here," she began, "but I know what you dear women are planning, and I thought I must just come right in. I know you're planning how you can make me feel at home here, and so I want to tell you on my side how much I love you all, and to thank you for all the lovely welcomes you have given me."

This attitude of Miss Willard's disarmed them, for it was really genuine; and when she had gone again, that committee did actually set to work to plan how they might make her welcome among them! Before long she was really welcome, and they had learned to love her almost as much as her own white-ribboners at home loved her.

From the time of her mother's death Miss Willard was not strong, and she tried hard in these years to stop working. But this she found it almost impossible to do. The problems that arose in connection with the world's work were so difficult that she could not lay them aside. The field was so large and the workers could so seldom meet, that she never felt she could leave it to its own devices.

Instead of resting she toiled on, therefore, caught up, as she said, in the momentum of years, though every month she felt more tired. She was the intimate friend and confidant of a quarter of a million people, and carried, besides, the responsibilities of a very important work, and now, after fifteen years, it was time for her to spare herself. But, instead, her interests only widened. She cared about the fight for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts in England, for the reform of the Turkish Army, and revolutions in Greece, and was not able to turn her eyes away from any of the struggles for human liberty.

In 1896, in spite of her health, she and Lady Henry undertook a new piece of work. They had started for Normandy, determined for once to take a complete holiday, when the news reached them that some Armenian refugees had reached Marseilles, bringing word of the horrible massacres that were taking place. At once, without thinking of their holiday, these two tired leaders went to Marseilles, and immediately took charge of the refugees. With the aid of the Salvation Army they secured a building for a hospital, in which these poor, half-murdered people could be nursed and cared for, and brought back to life and sanity. Miss Willard went

about Marseilles appealing for help and sympathy, and met with most generous response. When the first care had been taken, and the immediate needs met, they left Marseilles, not to resume their neglected holiday, but to rouse England and America on behalf of the Armenians, and to raise money to help and save them.

Then Miss Willard went back to America, though she had many fascinating openings for work in Jerusalem and Cyprus. Calls of all kinds came to her, and possibilities of help for the Armenians and for the temperance cause in the East; but, as she said, " There are older ties, and there is the holy work and the great-hearted comrade whom I left behind." And the great-hearted comrade, her national society, welcomed her back with joy. Her reputation at home had only grown with her work in other parts of the world. In this year 1,175 new unions had been formed in the United States, and to the thousands of white-ribbon women the name of Frances Willard was that of a patron saint.

The next winter she spent in a sanatorium at Castile, New York, where she still tried to rest and to get back her strength, but where she still went on working. Her mind seemed to grow ever more active. She looked farther and farther ahead, and

saw possibilities and needs that she could not neglect. And, as always, she remembered and loved and helped the many individual friends who came to her for advice and encouragement.

She had then a slight, delicate look, and was always tired, though she made occasionally her old buoyant gestures, and tried very hard to get well. She seemed, they said at that time, to be living on her spirit, and working with her spirit, and as if material things had lost their hold on her.

In the summer she went back to New Hampshire and lived in the open air. She had loved trees and birds and flowers all her childhood and all her busy life, and now in the quiet of the woods she grew stronger. She went back to Ogden and to Churchville and to all the places with which her family was connected, and spoke to the neighbors, giving to them, in plain, homelike words, some of those speeches "which search out the heart."

In October, 1897, she went to Toronto, to the great World's Convention. It was the most important of all the many conventions over which she had presided, and her address before it was, indeed, "the crowning message of her life."

As she stood there to give it, frail and slight, with her pale, tired face and her wonderful expression

of love and kindness, the women felt that she "could never look nearer to heaven"; when she told them that between this life and the next "there is such a little way to go," they felt afraid lest she should go from them. But she had never spoken more eloquently, and had never made an address so full of power and almost of prophecy.

"We were brought up together," she said, in opening her address, "brought up in the unity and companionship of our work for the holy, unchangeable right: what little strength we have is being used to hold up God's standards, and to preach His Gospel for this evil time." "If I should start the hymn, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' you who learned it in Japan would sing it with me, who heard it first on a Wisconsin prairie in a pioneer's home. We have all been trained alike to love the wonder of the world, the splendor of the midnight heavens, the glory of the new-born day—brought up together in the ultimate and great endeavor to say with fond hearts fervently, 'O universe, what thou desirest I desire.'"

Her speech ranged over the whole world, following the work of her society. Famines and plagues, wars, revolutions, and all the great march of the world's history she passed in review, and in

it all she looked hopefully for the coming of the Golden Age.

From this convention she went straight to that of the national Union at Buffalo, where she met all her old comrades for the last time. "In spite of the turmoil and misjudgments of a reformer's life," she told them, "I love and trust humanity more than when I began my work, and have come to believe in human nature next to God." She went on to tell them her thoughts on the value of reforms, thoughts that had grown broader and more spiritual with the long years of work. "I believe," she said, "that the eyes into which I look are friendly, and that the home-loving people will utterly annihilate home's greatest enemy—the legalized saloon. . . . But there will be other reforms and reformers when we are gone. Societies will be organized and men will divide on the right of men to make and carry deadly weapons. . . . There will be great movements. . . . Long after the triumph of the temperance reform, long after the complete right of woman to herself, and to the exercise of all her powers, is regarded as a matter of course, long after the great trust of humanity takes to itself the earth and the fulness thereof as the equal property of all, there will remain reforms as vital as any of these,

and on them people will group themselves in separate camps even as they do to-day. And it is not improbable that the chief value of the little work that we have tried to do on this small planet lies in the fact that we have become inured to contradiction, and may be useful . . . in waging battles for God upon some other star.

"'He hath sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He hath sifted out the souls of men before His judgment-seat.
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet—
Our God is marching on.'"

At this convention Miss Willard took upon herself another burden greater than she could bear. The huge enterprise of building the Woman's Temple had been undertaken some years before, and for this it was now necessary to raise a large sum of money. It was a scheme for a huge office building in Chicago which was to provide headquarters for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and at the same time to pay dividends on the cost of its construction by the rents of the other parts of it. Miss Willard had approved of the scheme from the first, believing, as she always did, in helping women

to enter every business they could, and she would not abandon it now, when it seemed on the verge of failure. And yet to pledge herself to raise a vast sum of money, and to take this burden, too, upon her shoulders was certainly unwise, and far too generous. However, she did it, and, exhausted as she was by these two great conventions, she set to work at once. "Everything about the Temple has not been wise," she said, "but was there ever a great enterprise without faults?" and this saying is perhaps the kindest judgment of that unfortunate scheme.

These two conventions had been, of course, a great strain upon Miss Willard's strength. But she did not feel able to rest, and she went back at once with Anna Gordon to Janesville and Forest Home, revisiting the scenes of her childhood. Perhaps, like her sister Mary, she thought she could get well if she could only go home.

But Forest Home was changed, and the people she had loved were dead, and Frances found no rest there.

Then, in the church to which she had gone as a girl, on whose ceiling she had counted the wasps, among the people who had known her before she was a great leader, she made her last speech. For

the last time she spoke of the ideal world for which she had been so long and so valiantly fighting, and for the last time she spoke " for God and Home and Native Land." And those who heard her felt that " the light of heaven was in her true and far-seeing, kindly eyes."

After this, in January, 1898, they went to New York. Frances was determined to work harder there than ever, and to pay off the Temple debt before she sailed for England in the spring. At first she worked on steadily, but towards the end of the month she fell ill with influenza. Even then she could not quite stop working, and still insisted on telling " just this one thing " that really must be attended to, and making " just this one suggestion " that must not be forgotten. As the days went by she did not get back her strength, and the doctors and her friends began to be anxious. All over the country then the white-ribbon women began to pray for their leader, and into thousands of hearts there came the fear that their great friend and comforter might be taken from them. Frances herself felt sure she would die. She talked to her friends of the work, and of how it was to go on, and of how she had loved the workers.

" There have never been such women as our

white-ribboners," she said, "so large-minded, such patriots, such Christians. We have had a great and beautiful past, and the people don't know it; they think we're fanatics. It has been a great fight, and they'll never know what we have been through." She told them what she had hoped to do, and sent loving messages to all the officers and workers, telling them to carry on the work without her. Those who were with her could hardly bear to listen; the thought that she might die was more than they could realize, and they watched her and nursed her with tireless hope. They told her how the women were praying for her, and how she must live for the sake of the work and of those who followed her, and the daily cables that Lady Henry sent brought her messages of love. But Frances was tired. "He giveth His beloved sleep," she said, "but, oh, sometimes He is a long time doing it."

Her talk during these last days was of her friends, and how good they had been to her in her life, and of her work; and then, as she drew nearer to death, it was of God.

"Through the Magic
Of Him the Mighty
Who taught me in childhood,
There, on the border

Of boundless Ocean
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam."

Once she roused herself, and with all the old eloquence in her voice, and the old eagerness in her look, she quoted:—

"'I am Merlin
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow the Gleam.'"

"I'm getting so tired," she added, "how can I follow it much longer?" And Miss Gordon, watching her, saw her draw near "the border of the boundless ocean." She had obeyed the command:—

"Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam!"

She had led them and had taught them and been faithful. She had followed the Gleam wherever she had seen it, and she had seen it when others had looked in vain. And now at the end she knew and tried to tell "how beautiful it is to be with God."

And so, without fear and without regret, she died, on the 17th of February, 1898.

"Then said Christian: 'I am going to my Father's: and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I leave to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder.' When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the riverside, into which as he went he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' and as he went down deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

XII

THE VALUE OF FRANCES WILLARD

FRANCES WILLARD had left her sword "to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage," and she had known that in the hands of the white-ribbon women her work was safe. Now, in their great sorrow, their first care was to do things as she would have them done. But no one could take her place, or make up to them for the loss of her personality, and though they could, and did, go on with her work as she would have gone on with it, they could not escape the feeling of utter desolation at her death.

Sorrow for her was national, as well as a private loss in thousands of individual homes, for she had been the best-known woman in America, and perhaps its most honored citizen. When she died flags were at halfmast from the Atlantic to the Pacific: when her body was taken to Chicago every railwayman along the whole road came out to do her honor,

and a thousand memorial services were held for her in all parts of the country. Women in Iceland and in Africa mourned for her as for a sister, and to many a child "God, Buffalo Bill, and Frances Willard" seemed, as one Western schoolboy said, the three greatest people in the world.

Seven years later, in 1905, the state of Illinois put her statue in the Capitol at Washington. Each state has the privilege of thus distinguishing two of its citizens, and Illinois had chosen only one, General James Shields, for this honor. As they said at the time, the choice of Frances Willard for the other representative was a tribute to the progress of women, as well as to her own greatness. Her statue stands, the only woman's, in this American hall of fame, with soldiers and statesmen, by the side of Washington, "father of his country," and it is a place of pilgrimage to the temperance women. But public honor and public mourning were little comfort to the women who had lost their friend.

Letters of sorrow and of appreciation, tributes of love and of respect, poured into Rest Cottage; for there was hardly a person who had ever seen her to whom her death did not mean sorrow and a loss from out the world. Her personal charm had been

Statue of Frances Willard
In Statuary Hall, National Capitol, Washington, D. C.

so great and her influence so wide that it was quite true of her to say she was the best loved woman of the century.

Since her death many people have written of Frances Willard. They have said of her every good thing that can be said of a human being, and have praised her until the chorus of praise grows almost unconvincing from its very unanimity. The memorial sketches and tributes from people of all kinds are enough in themselves to fill many volumes, and to give to the biographer the task of endowing her with every virtue. But the reason for it is this, not that she was quite perfect, but that there was in her such a transparent love of goodness, such a single-hearted wish to be good, and at the same time such a sympathy with all the best aspirations of the people she met, that each believed her to possess those qualities he most admired.

Her old friends and comrades still speak of her as a woman above all others, to know whom was the most vivid experience of this world, and a glimpse, perhaps, or a suggestion, of the world beyond. "She was splendid," they say of her, "the defender of all who were oppressed, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. She lived in heavenly places, and viewed everything from this

standpoint alone. She not only refused to share lower views, but she seemed actually not to see them."

She was a mystic and a saint, they say, and she had changed eyes with Christ. To them all she was "the embodiment of all that is lovely and good and womanly and strong and tender in human nature." She was the best friend, the best leader, and the best Christian of her generation, and she was loved and mourned as few people have been.

It is hard to estimate Miss Willard's influence, for it was an influence that spread in so many directions. The work of her great society, reaching out, as it does, into almost every kind of social region, is in itself impossible to measure. It has certainly done much to make the life of the nation cleaner and the mind of the people saner. It has had its influence on school-children and politicians, as well as on animals and drunkards, and the end of its influence is not yet. But besides her work, Miss Willard herself, as an individual, had an extraordinary effect on her generation. "The world was wider for women because she lived," not only because she opened new possibilities for them, but because she showed in her own person how to *be* wider.

Frances Willard is one of those whose influence is felt long after they themselves are forgotten. Her name will not for ever be associated with the history of her country, as Lincoln's is, or Jefferson's, and yet she shares their greatness. They all worked for freedom: Lincoln for the slave, Jefferson for the colony itself, and Frances Willard for women. But, unlike them, she worked in no great crisis of her people's history: she did not come to the people through the enduring medium of war, great art, or great statesmanship, but in the language and in the spirit of her own generation, and in their daily lives. And this is why she herself will not be remembered, although she was one of the great pioneers of America.

And yet, after all, the whole value of Frances Willard cannot be estimated by the work she did, nor by the change that her life has made in the world. Behind the capacity and energy that made her so successful, and beyond her fame, lies the goodness that was her nature, and the love that was her inspiration. For her character was the cause of her greatness.

"Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is

not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. *Love never faileth.*"

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